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FAME

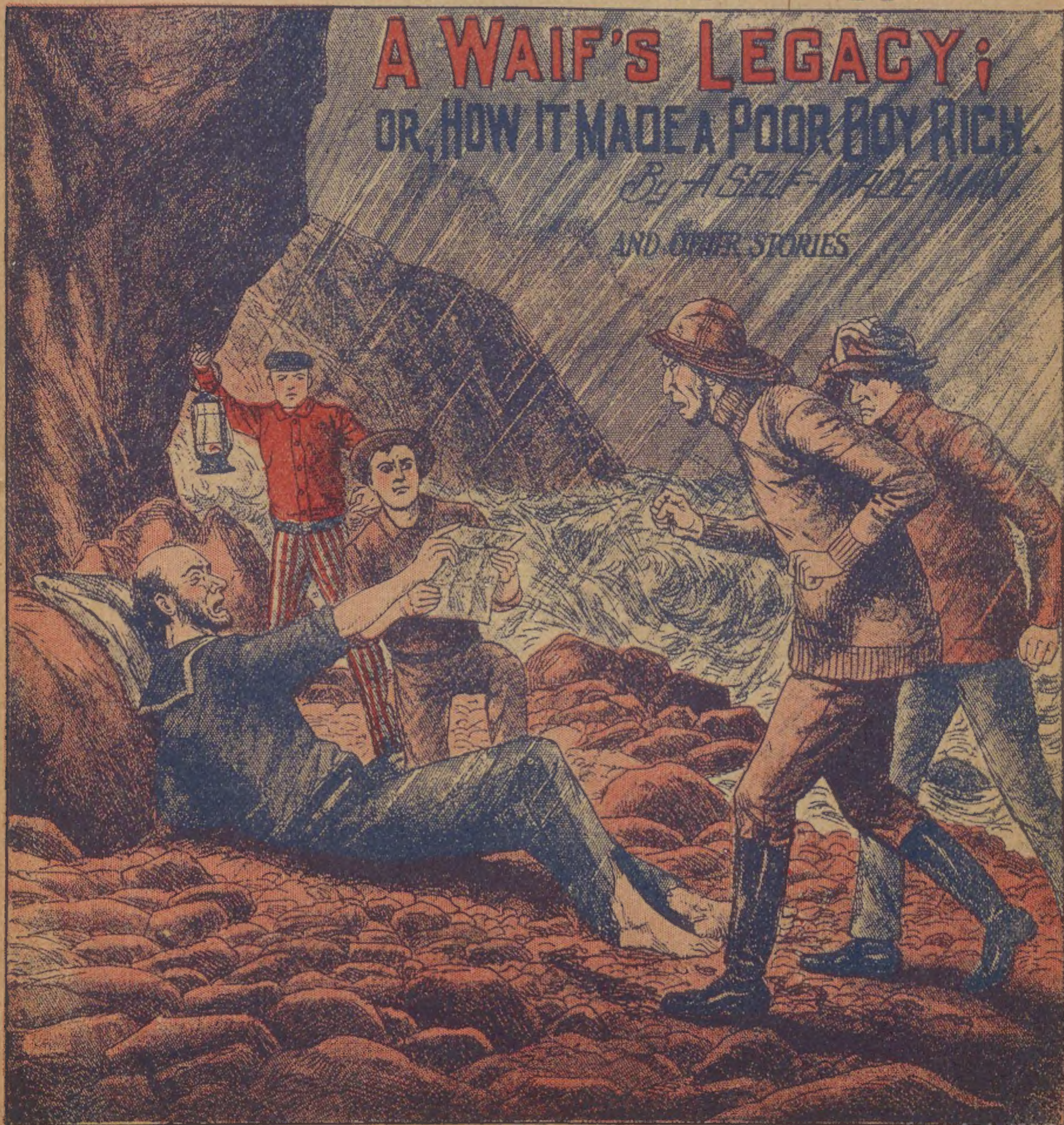
Price 8 Cents

AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

**A WAIF'S LEGACY;
OR, HOW IT MADE A POOR BOY RICH.**

*By A SELF-MADE MAN
AND OTHER STORIES*



"Ye have done me up, Batt Kattcher---ye and Peter Fawls; but it won't do ye no good," cried the dying sailor. "The dockyment ye sold yer souls for is now the property of that boy. He is my heir."

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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A WAIF'S LEGACY

OR, HOW IT MADE A POOR BOY RICH

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—A Bully and His Victim.

"What yer doin' out here on the rocks, Ruby Rand?" demanded Moses Kattcher in an ugly tone, his little feret-like eyes glaring suspiciously upon a poorly dressed but lovely little fair-haired girl of fifteen years, whose sunbonnet hung carelessly from her well-rounded shoulders.

Moses was a low-browed, surly-looking boy, with sunburned features that showed a low type of intelligence. He was a bully by nature, and though stout and husky, was, like most of his kind, a rank coward at heart. He was never so happy as when bulldozing those weaker than himself, particularly little Ruby Rand, who was maid-of-all-work and general housekeeper for his father, Batt Kattcher, a fisherman of Gosport village on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan. Ruby was an independent little maid, but for all that she stood somewhat in fear of Moses, who teased and ill-treated her whenever he felt so disposed.

"I'm taking a walk," replied the girl, edging away from Moses, who had suddenly come upon her from behind a boulder.

"Hold on, there! Don't yer dare run away or I'll lay this strap on yer back," cried the boy threateningly. "So ye're takin' a walk, are ye?" he added sarcastically.

"Yes."

"Where yer walkin' to?"

"Out this way."

"Then I'll go with yer."

"I don't want you to," replied the little maid in a tone that showed that his company was not desired by her.

"I don't keer what yer want. What yer got in yer hand?"

"Nothing," replied Ruby, holding up her right hand.

"I mean yer other hand," snarled Moses.

"A paper package."

"What's in it?"

"Nothing that concerns you, Moses Kattcher," answered the girl with a flash of spunk.

"That so?" sneered Moses. "Well, I reckon it does concern me. You took it from the house, for I saw yer."

"What if I did?" replied Ruby saucily.

"Well, yer ain't got no right t take nothin' out of the house."

"Why haven't I if it belongs to me?"

"Does that belong to you?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe it. Open it and let me see what's in it."

"I won't," replied Ruby, holding the package behind her.

"You won't?"

"No," answered Ruby defiantly.

"Then I'll make yer," said Moses angrily, flourishing the strap he held in his right hand.

"Don't you dare touch me, Moses Kattcher; if you do I'll tell your father," returned Ruby, backing away.

"Tell him; I don't keer. I know why yer come out here. It ain't the first time yer've come, nor the second or third time, either. I've been watchin' yer. Yer come out to see that measly Tom Rockwood—Nobody's Son, as they call him in the village."

"What if I have? I've a right to see him if I want."

"Well, I don't want yer comin' here to see him, and what's more I won't have it. He ain't no good for nothin'. He lives all alone in that cabin yonder, and fishes for a livin'. There's somethin' in that package ye're bringin' him. I reckon he's not goin' to get it. Hand it over."

"No, I won't hand it over," replied Ruby indignantly.

"Yes, yer will," cried Moses, advancing on her with the strap uplifted. "Gimme that package or it'll be wuss for yer."

Ruby turned around and darted off over the rocks. With a howl of anger Moses started after her. He caught her by the shoulder after a run of a hundred yards.

"Gimme that package," he demanded.

"I won't," she answered.

"You will!"

"You coward!" she cried, struggling to free herself.

"Gimme the package!"

"No!" she replied with flashing eyes.

Moses raised the strap aloft to hit her when an ill-clad boy, with bare head and bare feet, darted from behind a line of rock and sprang right at the bully.

Biff! His arm shot out and his hard fist landed on Moses' nose with a force that sent the young ruffian reeling back from Ruby and started the blood flowing. The newcomer followed up his attack with a hook in the bully's jaw that made his teeth rattle like castanets. Then a third blow straight from the shoulder caught young Kattcher on the mouth, cutting his lip and sending him down on his back on the rocks.

"Had enough, you coward?" demanded the pugilistic young chap, standing over Moses with flaming eyes and heaving chest.

Evidently Moses had had all he wanted of that kind of exercise, though he didn't say so, for he made no attempt to get up and get back at his aggressor, notwithstanding that he had the advantage in physique. Seeing that he had conquered the coward the newcomer turned to the girl.

"Tom Rockwood," she exclaimed, her eyes dancing with satisfaction, "I'm so glad you came up to stop him."

"I'm glad myself. I was just pulling my boat into the cove below when I heard your first scream. I knew something was the matter, so I hurried up to see what was going on. I've been itching for a chance to put it over Moses Kattcher for the way he treats you. Now he's got a taste of what's coming to him if he doesn't keep his hands off you in the future."

"I'll git square with yer, Tom Rockwood," snarled Moses, as he picked himself up.

"Will you? Well, now is as good as any time for you to do it," replied Tom defiantly.

"Yah! I hate yer. I'd jest as lief kill yer if I got the chance," replied the bully vindictively.

"I dare say you'd like to, but you haven't the courage to try it on."

"I'll fix yer yet, see if I don't," growled Moses with a vicious glare at Tom.

"Bah! A barking cur never bites," retorted Rockwood. "Better go home. You're not wanted here. If I hear of you touching Ruby Rand again I'll give you a whaling you'll remember for a month."

"Wait till my old man ketches yer. He'll knock the stuffin' out of yer."

"I know you're coward enough to want him to fight your battles for you; but I bet he isn't such a fool."

Moses scowled and moved away a short distance. Then he stooped, picked up a stone and shied at Tom's head. It whizzed within an inch of Rockwood's ear. Tom immediately sprang after the bully. Moses took to his heels at once and flew over the rocks as fast as he could go. Tom chased him some distance, and seeing that he couldn't overtake him he returned to Ruby and the two walked down the rocks to where Tom had drawn his boat up in the cove.

"You've been lucky to-day, Tom," said Ruby, looking at the big load of fish in the bottom of the boat.

"Yes, the fish ran good this morning."

"How are you going to get them all to market?"

"Nat Wills is going to help carry them to town. I pay him a quarter of what they bring."

Nat was the son of the keeper of the lighthouse on Bird Point, a promontory that jutted out into the lake close by, and he and Tom Rockwood were chums. The lighthouse was situated on the end of the point, which formed one of the ends of the horseshoe-like indentation called Gosport Bay, on

the low, sandy shore of which stood the sloping-roof houses of Gosport village, where dwelt a colony of hardy fisherman who plied their vocation on the lake.

The town Tom referred to was called Eastlake, and lay three miles inland from Gosport. It was not a large place, but it had a fish-curing establishment and some other industries, and was the terminus of a branch line of railroad.

"See what I brought you, Tom," said the little maid, unwrapping her package and exposing a small fruit pie. "I made that expressly for you, and I bought the fruit with some of the money you gave me the other day."

"Thanks, Ruby, you're real good. I like pie first-rate, but I don't get it very often."

"That's why I made it for you."

"You deserve a kiss for that, if you'll let me have one."

Ruby blushed a little, but she made no objection to Tom helping himself to a smack.

"There's two while I'm about it," laughed the boy. "Now, though I'm glad to get the pie, which will top off my dinner in great shape, I think I ought to scold you for spending any of that money on me. I gave it to you to buy yourself a new gown, as Batt Kattcher doesn't seem disposed to give you one, though you need it badly."

"I bought it, all ready made, in town, and I had a little money left over, so I spent it on that pie."

"Oh, all right, then I forgive you."

At that moment a dark object came flying down from the rocks above, alighting almost at their feet. It was Nat Wills, whom Tom had been expecting.

CHAPTER II.—Batt Kattcher and Peter Fawls.

"I'm on time, ain't I?" said Nat, with a grin at Ruby, whom he knew.

"Yes. I only just got in. I lost a few minutes on the top of the bluff giving Moses Kattcher a bit of a whaling."

"What did you lick him for?" asked Nat with some interest, for he was down on Moses.

"For attempting to hit Ruby with a strap."

"I hope you gave it to him good."

"I gave him a sample of what he'll get if he hurts Ruby. Come, now, pile in and help me unload the fish."

Tom pulled a couple of tubs from the shelter of the bushes and they filled them with the silvery denizens of the lake. They carried their loads up to the little cabin where Tom lived all by himself, and dumped them into an old clothes basket.

Two more tubfuls finished the job. Then they came back and cleaned out the boat. After watching them for a few minutes Ruby said she'd have to return home.

"Well, come out and see me soon again," said Tom, assisting her to the top of the bluff, where he bade her good-by.

The boys left the boat secured to a stout tree by means of a chain and padlock and returned to the cabin. Then with the big basketful of fish between them they started for Eastlake. When they got back to the cabin a couple of hours later the bright morning had changed to an overcast sky, with a threatening look to the windward; while

the blue water had changed to a leaden hue, and beat in a sulky way upon the rocks and shore.

The boys had brought some supplies back with them, and as it was after twelve o'clock Tom started a fire in his stove and put on a panful of fish, and made a pot of coffee for dinner. Nat set the little table, washed up the few dishes Tom had used for an early breakfast before starting for the fishing ground, cut up some bread, and otherwise made himself useful while Tom was busy at the stove. Nat ate at the cabin more than half the time, which fact was so well known to his father that his absence from the lighthouse during meal times never occasioned any remark.

"Looks pretty squally to the windward, doesn't it?" remarked Nat as they sat down to the meal.

"It does that. Strikes me there's something heavier than a squall brewing yonder."

"Think there's a storm coming?"

"I do. I can see all the earmarks of it out to the sou'east."

"Let it come. It doesn't make any difference to us."

While Tom and Nat were eating their dinner and talking about the threatening storm that seemed to be gathering in the southeast, two men were standing on the shore below the bluffs talking together. The tall, brawny chap, clad in a pea jacket, a sou'wester hat, and sea boots that came over his knees, was Batt Kattcher, owner of a fishing smack called the "Pandora," which at that moment was riding at her anchor in Gosport Inlet.

His companion, a shorter and thinner man, with a smoothly-shaven face and shifty gray eyes, was Peter Fawls, lawyer and general man of business to the Eastlake Fish Curing Establishment, of the town of Eastlake.

"You are sure it's going to be what you call a dirty night?" said Fawls.

"I wish I was as sure of makin' a hundred dollars," replied Kattcher, lighting his pipe.

"Do you think the wind will blow dead on shore?"

"Nothin' surer."

"If a vessel went on those reefs yonder she wouldn't stand much chance, would she?" went on Peter Fawls.

"Not the ghost of a chance; but a vessel isn't likely to go on 'em unless the skipper is blind or drunk, and the crew dopy. That there lighthouse was built on purpose to keep 'em off. On such a night as this is goin' to be every sailor on the lake is goin' to keep plenty sea room between his vessel and the light."

"Hum! Suppose something happened to the light and it failed to shine to-night, what might be the consequence?"

"Not much danger of the light not shin', Mr. Fawls. Old man Wills will see to that. It ain't failed to shine one night since it went into commission. If it did I reckon that Obadiah Wills would lose his job if he didn't have a mighty strong excuse to account for it."

"Hum! Suppose, now, that the light didn't shine to-night and the steamer 'Windy City,' from Chicago to Katahdin, due off Bird Point about midnight, was to go on the reef, she'd become a total loss, don't you think?"

"I reckon she would."

"What would become of passengers and crew?"

"Some of 'em might be able to take to the boats."

"And the rest?"

"They'd be drowned."

"And their bodies?"

"Would probably come ashore."

"Those who got into the boats would escape, eh?"

"They might, and ag'in they mightn't. I wouldn't care to take their chances."

"Hum! If you saw your way to making a thousand dollars, maybe two thousand, if Bird Point Light didn't shine to-night between the hours of ten and two, what would you do, Batt Kattcher?" asked Peter Fawls, eying his companion closely.

"I dunno that I could do anythin'," replied the fisherman.

"It's the wise man who grasps his opportunities, Kattcher."

"That's right," nodded Batt. "I always grasp any I see around."

"I see a fine chance now for you to make two thousand dollars."

"Just p'int it out, will you, and I'll give you half."

"You needn't give me anything, Batt. I'll do the giving myself. If you're willing to take a bit of a risk I'll show you how you can make the two thousand."

"I'm willin' to take considerable risk to make that much. Just tell me what's to be done and I'll tell you if I kin do it."

"You needn't take all the risk yourself. I'll help you."

"You will, eh?"

"I will. I never shirk a responsibility when there's considerable at stake."

"Say what are you drivin' at, Mr. Fawls?" asked Kattcher inquisitively.

"We know each other pretty well, so I guess I can trust you, Kattcher. In fact, considering the hold I have over you in relation to the French cognac that you are in the habit of smuggling into the State from Canada, it wouldn't pay you to betray me."

Kattcher glared at the lawyer, but said nothing. He knew that he was in Peter Fawls' power, although the legal individual profited through the smuggled brandy.

"To get down to business, Kattcher, I will say that it would be greatly to my interest if the steamer 'Windy City' went ashore on the reef to-night in the storm that appears to be coming on. If she reaches Katahdin to-morrow morning safe and sound I will have lost a fine chance to feather my nest, which I am always on the lookout for."

"Well, there ain't one chance in a hundred of her goin' on the reef," replied the fisherman with an emphatic nod of his head, "storm or no storm."

"The chances would be much better if the light failed to shine, I'm thinking."

"That's true; but——"

"Never mind the buts, Kattcher. Let's consider how you and I can manage to put a snuffer on the light."

"Put a snuffer on the light! Why, that's a felony. If we were caught——"

"We mustn't get caught. We must figure the matter out so that not the slightest suspicion will point at us."

"But I don't see how——"

"Two heads are better than one, Kattcher. We'll put ours together."

"But the risk——"

"Risk! Why, man, you take a greater one every time you run a small cargo of cognac into Gosport. No, no; the risk will be nothing to speak of. A cool head and a steady hand will make a complete success of the job."

"And if I go into this thing with you I am to receive \$2,000?"

"Provided the steamer is wrecked; otherwise you get—well, you'll get \$100. To that extent you'll have the advantage of me. Come, now, it's a bargain, isn't it?"

There was that in Peter Fawls' attitude and tone of voice that gave Kattcher to understand that it wouldn't be well for him to refuse. Batt knew that Fawls could ruin him easily, and therefore it was to his interest to keep in with the rascally lawyer, so he said:

"Yes. I'm with you. Now tell me how you think we kin squelch the light."

"In a moment or two. We'll move up the shore further. There's a couple of boys coming down the rocks."

Batt Kattcher turned around and looked.

"I know them. One is Nat Wills, the light-keeper's son; the other is Tom Rockwood, a young fisherman. That's his boat tied to the tree in the cove."

"Well, follow me. We'll make our plans as we walk along," said Peter Fawls.

The two men left the spot and continued leisurely up the shore, while Tom and Nat, who had spied them, looked after them and wondered what they were doing in that neighborhood.

CHAPTER III.—In the Night and Storm.

During the afternoon the weather grew more threatening. The wind piped up from the southeast and blew clear and cold into the Gosport Inlet, flattening out the smoke from the chimneys of the houses and sending the waves rolling in between Bird Point and Sea Gull Point, forming the outer ends of the horseshoe indentation. The fishing boats pulled at their anchors like restive colts at their halters, bobbing up and down on the troubled water. At dark it was blowing a gale from the southeast, and Tom Rockwood, who cooked and ate his supper alone, could hear the monotonous roll of the surf along the shore, not a hundred feet away. Looking from his doorway, which faced seaward, he could see the long shaft of light from the lantern of the lighthouse illuminating a pathway across the white-capped waves.

"I guess Nat won't stir out tonight," he said to himself, "and I don't blame him. It's dark as pitch, and the weather is getting worse every minute."

As the moments passed the wind seemed to pounce fiercer and fiercer on the little cabin, shaking it to its very foundations. Tom was not nervous about its staying qualities, for he knew it was strongly braced by great boulders that no wind, however fierce, could uproot. By the time Tom had washed up the dishes and tidied up the kitchen, which was the main room of the cabin, the rain came swooping in from the lake. It came down in great bucketfuls and was swept

against the seaward side of the building with a rattle like a continuous roar of musketry.

"Gee! It's a fierce night, all right," muttered Tom, placing his lamp on the table, and getting an instructive book he was studying from the shelf he settled down to make good use of his leisure moments before turning in for the night.

The cheap clock on the shelf struck eight. The wind howled louder than ever around the cabin, and the rain beat harder if anything upon the front of the house. The uproar was so tremendous that after a while Tom had to close his book and call study off for the night. He turned the light down and went to the one window that overlooked the lake. All he could see was the path of light flashing across the angry waves from the lighthouse lantern. In the white gleam he could see the billows leaping and tumbling in great confusion, while the rest of the lake was lost in obscurity. The reef known as the Shark's Teeth, half a mile out from Bird Point, was like a foaming caldron, the waves striking on the partly submerged black rocks, sending spurts of foam fifty feet into the air.

While Tom looked on the weird scene of storm and darkness the clock struck nine. As the last stroke of the hour sounded Tom gave a gasp of astonishment. Right under his gaze the brilliant rays of the lighthouse vanished as suddenly as if the tower with its great argand lamps and reflectors had been swallowed up by some titanic monster from the lake.

"My gracious!" exclaimed the boy. "What does that mean? The light is out, and it went as quickly as if a gigantic snuffer had put it out of business. Something is wrong in the lantern, but they'll have it going again in a few minutes."

Five—ten—fifteen minutes elapsed and still the lantern remained dark. The roar of the tempest seemed to increase as the moments went by. Now that the light was out Tom couldn't see a thing but the huge drops of rain dashing against the outside of the ebony panes in which his face was reflected. The darkness was so intense that the boy mechanically craned his neck in the direction of Gosport village; but though the lights were twinkling at that moment in the windows of half the cottages, Tom couldn't see one of them, for they were below his line of vision, hidden by the heel of the headland.

"What in thunder is the matter with the lamps that they don't start the light up again?" muttered the boy. "One would think they were all asleep or dead over there. I never knew the light to be out before, even on the finest of nights. But of all nights for the lamps to be out, this is the worst. There may be a score of vessels out yonder depending on that light for the knowledge of their whereabouts. Then there's the steamer 'Windy City,' that passes this way sometime to-night. Without the light to guide her in the blackness she might run in too close to the shore and get wrecked on the Shark's Teeth. Why the dickens don't they start the light?"

Tom fumed impatiently as he waited, with his eyes glued to the glass, for the lantern to be lit up again, but the moments went by and it remained as dark as ever.

"Nat's father is liable to get into a whole lot of trouble with the inspector of the district if this thing is reported. If a vessel should go

ashore in the meanwhile he might lose his job, and that would mean the parting of Nat and me. I wouldn't like that at all, for Nat is the only real friend I have outside of Ruby, and she's only a girl."

Tom felt as much interest in the reappearance of the light as the keeper could have himself. He paced up and down the room, nervous and impatient, returning to the window every few minutes, but a whole hour went by, and ten o'clock struck, with the lighthouse as black as ever.

"I can't stand this," he ejaculated at last. "I'm going over to see what's the matter, and lend a hand if they need help."

He rushed into the little room where his bunk was, at the back of the kitchen, and taking a well-worn suit of oilskins from a peg, put them on, with a round-tight-fitting hat. Then lighting a lantern, he blew out his lamp, and waiting for a lull in the gale, opened the door and drew it quickly to after him, locking it and dropping the key in his pocket. The rain eased up a bit, but the wind nearly took him off his feet the moment he stepped clear of the shelter of his cabin.

Swinging the lantern to and fro, and bending down his head as he faced the storm, he fought his way over to the headland and started out toward the end of the point. But he found his work cut out for him. He could hardly make headway against the gale, as it swept in from the big lake. Time and again he had to drop behind a boulder, or throw himself almost flat on the rain-soaked ground, to save himself from being literally blown away.

The lights of the village gradually came into view, but there were only a few of them to be seen at that hour, as the fishermen and their families retired early to rest on such a night. The tavern, near the waterside, was about the only building that threw off any refulgence, and that shone like a glow-worm in the darkness.

Tom was a boy of pluck and endurance, and he kept straight on toward the dark lighthouse in spite of the difficulties that beset him from the storm. He actually crawled about half the distance on his hands and knees, and it was close on to eleven when he began to draw near it. Still, as close as he was to the white shaft, he couldn't see it. Then rain came on again with fresh fury, and between that and the wind he became much confused. Then his lantern went out, leaving him completely in the dark. At length, more by good luck than anything else, he stumbled against the side of the lighthouse.

"I've reached it at last, thank goodness! I'm about played out. Now to get inside."

He felt his way to the door and found it fastened. Picking up a stone, he pounded vigorously on it. No one came to let him in. He pounded again, to no purpose.

"They must be up in the lantern, working at the apparatus," he breathed.

A tiny gleam of light shone through the keyhole. Tom applied his eye to the aperture. He saw two men, one of whom greatly resembled Batt Kattcher, sitting at a table, drinking and smoking, with their backs to him.

"That's Batt Kattcher or his double," muttered Tom. "He and the other chap must have heard the noise I made. Why don't they let me in?"

He pounded more insistently on the door than before. When he put his eye to the keyhole again all was dark inside. The candle which stood on the table between the men had been put out.

"Who's there?" Tom heard a hoarse voice say.

"It's me—Tom Rockwood," the boy roared through the keyhole. There was a short pause.

"Are you alone?" asked the voice again.

"Yes."

"What do you want?"

"I want to come in."

"What for?"

"I'm about done up by the storm."

"Why did you come out here?"

"Because the light is out in the lantern, and I wanted to see what was the matter," cried Tom, wondering why they put so many questions to him and kept him standing outside all the time.

Suddenly the door opened, an arm stretched forth, seized and dragged him into the room, then, before he could make a move he received a blow on the head that stretched him senseless on the floor of the lighthouse.

CHAPTER IV.—In the Lighthouse.

Batt Kattcher closed and bolted the door again, and the two men stood for some moments in the darkness listening for sounds that would indicate that their victim was recovering his senses. No such sound reached their ear—nothing but the howling of the tempest outside.

"He's safe enough," said Kattcher, striking a match and lighting the lamp.

The boy lay perfectly motionless, with his eyes closed, just as he had fallen.

"That's what he gets for butting in," said Fawls. "Who is this chap, anyway?"

"Who is he?" replied Batt. "I couldn't tell you who he is. I reckon that he doesn't know himself. His name is Tom Rockwood, and he's what they call a waif. The fishermen call him Nobody's Son. Old Dan Rockwood, a fisherman, dead and gone these three years, picked him up along the shore here one morning after a terrible storm on the lake. That was before the lighthouse was built, and he was only about knee-high to a grasshopper—too young to know anythin' about where he came from, or who he belonged to."

"Hum! Then Tom Rockwood isn't his real name?" said the lawyer.

"No. Dan named him after his younger brother, who he said ran away from home when he was a young chap and was never heard of afterward by the family."

"Where does he live?"

"Where he's always lived since he was washed ashore—in Dan's cabin on the bluff, which the old man left him when he died. He makes his livin' fishin' on the lake in Dan's old sloop."

"The less he learns about what's been taking place here the better for us. He looks like a shrewd sort of boy. Get a piece of rope and tie him to the iron stanchion under the stairway. He'll be out of sight there, and helpless when he comes to his senses. He'll never know who knocked him out, for he couldn't recognize us in the dark when you pulled him in. Don't fail to

tie something across his mouth so he can't cry out if he took a notion to do so."

Peter Fawls' suggestion was carried out, and the unconscious Tom was triced up by Kattcher in a dark hole under the circular iron staircase. The two men resumed their drinking, smoking and conversation at the table, while the gale shrieked without like a myriad of lost souls from the infernal regions. At length Fawls, after a glance at the clock on a shelf in the room, got up and said:

"It wants a quarter of twelve. The 'Windy City' is due off this vicinity inside of half an hour if the storm hasn't delayed her. If it was clear weather she'd be in sight now, I should judge. The officers are, no doubt, keeping a sharp lookout for the light, and not seeing it, they will suppose that the steamer is still miles to the south of the Shark's Teeth. If they manage to keep a good offing in the dark we'll lose her, in spite of the fact that the light is out; but if the captain thinks he's still somewhere in the neighborhood of the South Shoals, and hugs the inner passage, which is his regular course, he'll stand a good chance of going slap on the reefs out yonder. Then the vessel will be our meat. We'd better get up on the gallery now, and you must keep a sharp lookout with the night-glass. You ought to be able to tell if she goes on the rocks."

"They'll send up rockets, if they do, as signals to the coast-guard."

"But it will be too late to save the steamer, then, eh?"

"Nothin' under heaven can save her if she rests her ribs on the Shark's Teeth," replied Kattcher emphatically.

"Good!" chuckled the lawyer. "The boats of the coast-guard will take the passengers off, and that's the best they can do, eh?"

"If they save a third of them in such a sea as is frothin' around the Teeth tonight, if the steamer goes on the reefs, they'll be doin' well."

"Well, we've all got to die some time—even you and I, Kattcher, when our time comes. They say drowning is an easy death."

"That's a matter of taste," growled the fisherman.

"Hum—yes! Get the night-glass and follow me up to the lantern. Is the door fast?"

"Yes, both bolts are shot."

"Good. Then nobody else who comes around here trying to butt in can enter. Turn the lamp very low. That's right. Now for the lantern."

The two villainous plotters started up the stairway, their boots echoing on the iron steps; but this sound was soon swallowed up in the uproar of the tempest. Hardly had they left the lower room before Tom Rockwood regained his senses. He found himself gagged and bound to the iron support of the first round of the staircase. At first he was puzzled to account for the strangeness of his situation, but memory soon came to his aid insofar that he remembered what had occurred before the lighthouse door was opened, and what had happened to him immediately after.

"I begin to understand now that there has been foul play going on," he breathed. "That would account for the dousing of the light in the lantern; and its failure to shine forth again. Who is at the bottom of this piece of villainy? Can it be that Batt Kattcher has anything to do with it? I saw him seated in a chair in the room

yonder, as plain as could be, talking to another man. There is something crooked in the wind. I'd give something to find out what it is."

Tom listened for some sound that would tell him that the two men he had seen at the table were still in the ground-floor room. The lamp was turned so low that the place was only faintly illuminated.

"There seems to be nobody in the room now," he thought. "All I can hear is the uproar of the storm without."

At that moment he heard a knocking somewhere on the floor. The thumping continued and then several muffled shouts came to his ears.

"Blessed if that doesn't sound like Nat's voice! Where can he be? I have it—he's locked in the cellar. Those rascals have put him there to keep him a prisoner. Probably his father and the assistant keeper are down there, too. If I could only free myself from these ropes I'd soon open the trap and let them out."

The thumping on the floor and the shouting continued at intervals. Tom began a desperate attempt to get clear of his bonds. He soon succeeded in freeing one of his hands. The other followed, and then he tore the handkerchief from his mouth. To get his jackknife out and cut the rest of the strands that bound his chest and lower limbs to the post was but the work of a few moments.

"Free!" he cried exultantly as he shook off the last rope. "Now to release Nat and the others, and set the light going again."

More thumps and shouts from under the floor. Tom rushed over to the trap, drew the bolt and pulled it open. Up popped Nat's head and part of his body like a released pack-in-the-box.

"Is that you, Nat?" asked Tom, though he knew that it was even as he spoke.

"Tom Rockwood! You here!" cried Nat in astonishment, as he stepped out on the floor.

"Yes, I'm here."

"I suppose you're surprised to find me locked in the cellar. I can't understand the matter myself. I went down there as good as three hours ago to get a bit of rope for dad, leaving the trap open. Somebody was knocking at the door at the time, and after dad gave me the order he went to let the party in. I waited to see who it was, for this ain't a night when we expected visitors. Two men came in muffled up in blankets and dripping with rain. I couldn't tell who they were, but supposed they came from the village. They walked straight to the stove without saying a word or removing their blankets. I kept on down, intending to hurry back, as I was curious as to the reason that fetched them out here on such a fierce night. While below I thought I heard a scuffle, and I started to come up. Just then the trap was flung down and I caught a crack on the head that sent him flying back down the steps. I pulled myself together and tried to open the trap, but it was fast. I thumped against it and yelled loud enough to wake the dead, but it didn't do me any good. I've been doing that at intervals ever since. Say, there must be something wrong, Tom. What do you suppose it is?"

"There is something wrong, Nat, for a fact."

"Tell me, if you know. Did you come over to see me?"

"No, I came over to see what was the matter with the light."

"The light! What could be the matter with it?"

"That's what I want to discover. It's out."

"Go on! You're joking."

"No, I'm not joking. I was looking out of my cabin window at nine o'clock and I saw the light disappear like magic."

"Great jibbooms!"

"I couldn't understand what the trouble was, so I came over here to see."

"Well, what did you find out?"

"Nothing about the light, but I found out that there was villainy at work."

"Villainy at work!"

"Yes. Listen and I'll tell you what happened to me when I reached the lighthouse door."

Nat listened with bated breath and not a little excitement to Tom's brief story of the reception he had received at the hands of the two men, one of whom he was ready to swear was Batt Kattcher.

"They knocked you out and tied you to the post under the stairs, did they?" said Nat.

"I judge that is what they did, for I received a blow in the dark and when I came to my senses a little while ago I found myself bound and gagged."

"And where did the men go?"

"Blessed if I know what became of them. They may be in the lighthouse at this minute."

"But where is Dad and Jud Wicker?"

"I couldn't tell you where they are. I judge they're prisoners somewhere."

"We must release them and start the light again if it's still out," said Nat.

"That's my idea exactly."

"I can't believe that Batt Kattcher was one of those men. He wouldn't be such a fool as to engage in such a villainous enterprise," said Nat as he turned up the light and looked around the room. The blankets the visitors had worn when they entered the lighthouse lay on the floor close by.

"If it wasn't his—hist! I hear steps on the stairs. I'll bet it's the two rascals coming down from the lantern. We must hide from them!"

The only place available, unless they went out in the storm, was the spot under the stairs where Tom had been bound. They rushed in there, forgetting to turn down the light, as the footsteps became plainer.

CHAPTER V.—A Waif's Legacy.

Down the stairs came Batt Kattcher and Peter Fawls at a rapid rate, and evidently much excited. They stopped in surprise and fear on the last flight and looked about the ground floor of the lighthouse. Kattcher had turned the light low when they went up to the lantern, now on their return below they found it going at full blast. They didn't see anyone or hear a suspicious sound.

"It must have lighted up of itself," said Batt a bit doubtfully.

"I never heard of a lamp turning its own wick up," said the lawyer. "Let's look about."

They finished their descent.

"Maybe the young fisherman worked himself

loose after coming to his senses," said Peter Fawls.

"That can soon be proved," said Kattcher.

Tom and Nat heard every word they said. Both recognized Batt's voice, and had no doubts about his identity.

"They'll look in here in a moment," whispered Tom. "We must rush on them and take them by surprise. Strike out with your fists as hard as you can, and then we'll make for the door and get out."

Tom and Nat crouched down and the moment Kattcher appeared in the opening they sprang at him like a couple of cats. The young fisherman landed a heavy blow on his mouth, while Nat punched him in the stomach with all his strength. Big and strong as Kattcher was, he went down under the suddenness and impetus of the attack, uttering a loud imprecation. The boys rushed out and encountered the lawyer. They bowled him over with little difficulty, for he, too, was taken by surprise. Then they darted for the door. Nat drew the bolts in a twinkling.

"Stop them!" roared Batt, springing to his feet and making a rush for the boys.

He was just a moment too late to stop them. They dashed out into the storm. The boys disappeared in the darkness, with Kattcher and Peter Fawls close at their heels. The lantern of the light was still dark, but the Shark's Teeth reef was lit up with a dazzling bluish light, burning on the forecastle of the wrecked steamer, "Windy City," which lay in the midst of the boiling caldron of seething water. At intervals rockets were discharged from the bridge of the ill-fated craft to attract the life-saving crew to the spot. Kattcher and Fawls occasionally caught sight of the fleeing lads and were thus able to keep on their track, but the boys reached Tom's cabin ahead of them and locked themselves in.

The two rascals sat down under the lee of the building and watched the wreck whenever a red light or a blue one was set off. Tom and Nat watched the wreck, too, from the window overlooking the sea.

"There'll be trouble to burn over this night's work," said Tom.

"I'm thinking there will," replied Nat in an anxious tone. "Dad will be up against it hard."

"It isn't his fault. Batt Kattcher and the other chap are responsible for the wreck of the steamer. Our evidence will count in your father's favor," said Tom.

"What could be their object in putting out the light?" asked Nat.

"To lure some vessel on the Shark's Teeth, I suppose."

"And what good will that do them?"

"That's as much of a conundrum to me as it is to you, Nat."

"The storm isn't as heavy as it was," said Nat.

"No, it's blowing itself out. So much the better for the imperiled people on yonder wreck. If the steamer holds together the lifeboats will be able to take them all off."

Half an hour later a big lifeboat was seen close to the wreck in the glare of a red fire. About this time Batt Kattcher and Peter Fawls, seeing there was small chance of catching the boys, and believing they would remain in the cabin till

morning, left their shelter under the lee of the building and went down to the beach.

As they stood looking seaward a piece of wreckage, to which clung a man in pants and shirt only, came ashore at their feet. Batt dashed into the surf and hauled the flotsam up on the beach before it got into the grasp of the undertow. Striking a match inside his tarpoulin hat, he illuminated the man's face.

"Jack Tobin!" he exclaimed in astonishment.

The lawyer also uttered an exclamation of recognition. The man, who was apparently a sailor, rose on his arm and looked at them.

"Ha!" he cried in a weak voice. "So it's you, Batt Kattcher, and you too, Peter Fawls. I never thought to see either of ye ag'in."

"Didn't you?" sneered Batt. "And we thought you'd give us the slip with that document you stole from us."

"Stole! I thrust the lie back in your teeth. The dockyment is mine—mine. It was ye who stole it from me and I jest managed to get it back by good luck."

"Well, I s'pose it's lost now for good," said the lawyer in a spiteful tone.

"Then ye s'pose wrong, ye old shark."

"Where is it? Tell us and you shall be well paid, and have a share in the treasure as well," said Fawls eagerly.

"Do ye see any green in my eye, you old hippopotamus? Ye'll never see the color of that dockyment ag'in as long as ye live. The treasure is mine by every right under the sun. I diskivered the paper, and ye hain't no claim upon it."

"Say you so, Jack Tobin? You forget that you're in our power," said Peter Fawls menacingly. "What to prevent us throwing you back into the waves from which you have just come, eh?"

"Ye wouldn't dare!" cried the sailor.

"We wouldn't dare?" replied the lawyer. "Kattcher and I would dare a good deal to get possession of that paper, which points the way to a big fortune. Come, now, tell us where it is, do you understand?"

"Ye'll never know from me," replied the sailor pluckily.

"Then you'll never live to benefit by it yourself," said the lawyer darkly. "I said you were in our power, and so you are. We've got you where we want you at this moment. There isn't a soul anywhere along this shore but ourselves. Tell us where that document is, or——"

"Would ye murder me?" gasped the sailor, clearly startled by their menacing attitude.

"Murder you!" laughed Kattcher harshly. "Why, man, you're half dead now. We'd only be puttin' you out of your misery by throwin' you back into the sea."

"I'm not half dead. I'm only a bit exhausted. I'll get over this duckin' in an hour or so," answered Tobin.

"You mean if we let you," replied Kattcher. "There's two of us ag'in you, both strong and hearty. Why, I could handle you myself, for that matter. Open your jaw and tell us where that paper is or I'll throttle you first and toss you to the fishes afterward. Open your mouth, d'ye hear?"

The fisherman seized the sailor by the throat and a struggle ensued between them. Tobin's shirt was torn asunder, revealing a black belt

straped about his body. Peter Fawls saw it, dark though it was, and made a grab for it.

"Hold him down, Kattcher. I believe he's got the paper in this belt of his. Hold him tight till I take it off."

"Would ye rob me, villains?" cried Tobin, struggling with all the strength left in him after his fight with the waves.

"Shut up!" cried Kattcher, striking him a blow in the face with his fist. "Lie still! Oh, you won't, eh? Take that, and that, and that!"

The fisherman hit him three vicious blows over his heart. With a groan Jack Tobin fell back, gasping feebly.

"Quick! Tear the belt off him, Fawls," cried Kattcher. "Somebody might come this way at any moment from the village. It's a wonder a crowd of 'em haven't got here already."

"I'm getting it off as quick as I can," replied the lawyer, working at the water-soaked clasp.

"Well, hurry. We musn't be seen here. We must get away from this neighborhood as soon as possible. I'm afraid those boys recognized me at the lighthouse in the lamplight. You see, I'm well-known around here, while you're a stranger. The chances are ag'in me, and I must look to my own safety. Haven't you got it off yet?"

The rascals were so busily engaged at their villainous work that they did not notice the approach of Tom Rockwood and Nat Wills, with a lantern and a stout stick apiece.

"I've got it loosened at last," cried Fawls. "Raise him up till I draw it from under him."

As Kattcher was about to obey Tom and Nat rushed upon them with a shout. They looked up in consternation, only in time to get a crack on each of their heads. Springing to their feet, and forgetting the belt for the moment, they vanished up the beach at a run.

"The rascals are off," said Tom. "Well, let them go. Looks as if they were robbing this poor fellow, who was evidently washed ashore from the wreck of the steamer. Flash the light on him, Nat. He looks more than half dead."

Nat held the light to the sailor's face.

Truly the poor fellow looked like death.

"We must try and save him, Nat," said Tom. "Take hold and chafe his hands while I rub his head."

They dashed salt water in his face and finally revived him. He looked wildly at the boys, and then clapped his hands to his chest.

"My belt! My belt!" he cried. "It is gone. Those rascals have succeeded in robbin' me after all," he added with a groan.

"Is this your belt?" asked Tom, picking it up from the sand where the lawyer had dropped it.

"Yes, yes; give it to me."

He clutched it as though it was made of diamonds, then fell back with his hand to his heart.

"They've finished me. They've put the mark of death on me, but they shan't gain by it. No, no; they shan't gain by it. Open that belt, my lad. Ye'll find a paper in it."

Tom opened the belt and took out the paper, which he offered to the sailor.

"Keep it, my lad. That paper will guide ye to the spot where a treasure in gold is hidden. The treasure belongs to me through that paper, but it shall be yours, for I cannot live much longer, and I have no kith nor kin to leave it to."

Ye done your best, boy, to save my life, and Jack Tobin is jest as grateful to ye as if ye'd done it. I leave ye that dockyment as a legacy, and may it bring ye better luck than it's done me. Beware of them two men, Batt Kattcher and Peter Fawls, the lawyer. They'll try to git it away from ye if they learn ye have it. They wont' stop even at murder to git hold of it. So look out for them. They are two of the biggest villains under the sun, and my death lies at their door."

He sank back quite exhausted, and lay breathing heavily. Suddenly he started up in fresh excitement.

"Hide that dockyment, boy. Put it back in the belt and never let it git out of your possession till ye have found the treasure. Quick—quick! I kin feel them villains comin' back. They'll tear it from—ah!"

The last exclamation was drawn from him by the sudden reappearance of Kattcher and Fawls, who, having recovered from their scare, decided to return for the belt at all hazards. They stopped in a menacing attitude before the group and glared savagely at Tom Rockwood, in whose hands they saw the paper they coveted. Before they could make a move Jack Tobin raised himself on one arm and pointed the other at them in an accusing manner.

"Ye have done me up, Batt Kattcher—ye and Peter Fawls; but it won't do ye no good," cried the dying sailor. "The dockyment ye sold your souls for is now the property of that boy. He is my heir."

As the disconcerted rascals glared down at him, Jack Tobin threw up his arms wildly, a few rattling sounds came from his throat, and then he fell back dead.

CHAPTER VI.—After the Storm and Wreck.

"Poor fellow, he's dead," said Tom in a sympathetic tone.

"Dead, is he?" sneered Kattcher. "And he gave you that paper. What d'ye s'pose it's worth?"

"How can I tell what it's worth? I haven't looked at it yet."

"Well, that document belongs to me and my friend here. That rascal, Tobin, stole it from us and ran away with it. You'll have to hand it over."

"I'll hand nothing over. The man gave it to me with his dying breath, and I'm going to keep it, whether it's worth anything or not."

"Hand it over," said Kattcher, stepping forward in a menacing way. "I tell you it belongs to us."

"You've got to prove that before you get it from me," replied Tom stoutly.

"Prove nothin'. The paper is ours, and we're goin' to have it."

"Stand back, Batt Kattcher! You've done enough mischief tonight—you and your friend Peter Fawls. You'll have to answer for putting out the lighthouse lamps and causing the wreck of yonder steamer."

"What's that? We put out the lighthouse lamps? You must be crazy, Tom Rockwood. Who'd believe such rot as that?"

"Nat and I believe it, for we saw you in the lighthouse. I also saw you and your friend, smoking and drinking at the table before you doused the lamp, let me in and then knocked me out in the dark. We shall give our evidence when the time comes, and we'll see whether you can prove your innocence or not."

"Why you young liar!" roared the fisherman. "I'll—"

As he started to spring at Tom the lawyer caught him by the arm and said:

"There's a crowd of men coming with lanterns. We'll have to get away if we want to avoid trouble."

Kattcher turned around and looked back. Quite a number of men from the village, with lights, were coming down the rocks a few hundred yards away. With an imprecation he made a dash at Tom and tried to snatch the belt, to which the boy had returned the paper, out of his hands. The young fisherman met him with a swing of his stick, and the blow landed on Kattcher's shoulder. He was about to attack Tom again when Fawls dragged him away.

"Don't act the fool," whispered the lawyer. "Come away. We know this boy has the paper. We'll watch him and get it from him when he's off his guard."

Reluctantly the fisherman gave up further efforts to get hold of the important paper, and, following his companion, both hurried away in the gloom of the night.

The party of fishermen whom the report of the wreck on the Shark's Teeth had brought from the village divided at the headland when it was seen that the lantern in the lighthouse was dark, part going to the tower to find out why the light was not burning, while the others continued on to the beach. It was the latter bunch that had frightened off Kattcher and the rascally lawyer.

When they came up to where Tom and Nat were standing near the dead sailor they stopped to look at the corpse, and to ask if the man had come ashore alive and died afterward. As soon as the fishermen recognized Nat they began plying him with questions about the light.

"How came the light to go out, Nat?" asked one. "It was burnin' all right when I turned in."

"The lamps were put out by a couple of villains who entered the lighthouse early tonight, surprised my dad, and done him and Jud Wicker up, after locking me up in the cellar. I'd have been there yet if it hadn't been for Tom Rockwood, who came over to the lighthouse to see what was the matter with the light and let me out."

"The lamps put out by a couple of villains!" exclaimed the crowd in astonishment. "Who were they?"

"One was Batt Kattcher, and the other was a man named Peter Fawls," said Tom.

"Do you mean to say that Batt Kattcher helped to put the lamps out?" asked one of the fishermen.

"I do. Nat and me both saw him in the lighthouse, where he had no right to be, after the light was out."

A murmur of surprise and anger rose from the bunch of fishermen. Batt Kattcher, for various reasons, was not popular in Gosport, and suspicion was easily turned against him.

Tom and Nat both told their stories of the night's event to the crowd, and when they fin-

ished, no one had any doubt of Kattcher's guilt. While the foregoing events were happening on the beach the coast-guard lifeboat had been rescuing the crew and passengers of the steamer "Windy City" and taking them into Gosport Inlet, where they were landed at the solitary wharf and taken charge of by the villagers, who did all that was in their power for the unfortunates.

By the time the last man had been taken off the wreck, day was breaking. The gale had blown itself out, but left a heavy sea running that promised to leave little of the steamer before the day was over. Everybody knew by this time that the loss of the steamer was due to the fact that Bird Point Light had not shone for hours during the worst of the storm. The fact had also been circulated that the failure of the light was due to the villainy of two rascals—one of whom was Batt Kattcher, of the village, while the other was said to be Peter Fawls, a lawyer of Eastlake, connected with the fish-curing establishment of that town. The only witnesses implicating the two men in the rascally job were Tom Rockwood and Nat wills, but their word was considered good under the circumstances. The fact that Batt Kattcher was missing from the village was accepted as conclusive evidence of his guilt.

No one could understand what the villains expected to gain by their rascality, unless they had a personal spite against the lightkeeper, and hoped to ruin him by keeping the light out during the fierce gale.

A dozen lives had been lost through the wreck, but the only one who had come ashore was the sailor, Jack Tobin, and Tom and Nat asserted that he had been as good as murdered on the beach by Batt Kattcher and his associate, Peter Fawls. Neither of the boys said anything about the paper which the dying sailor had given as a legacy to Tom. Tom had not as yet examined it, as both he and Nat had been pretty well done up by their night's strenuous work.

After the sailor's body had been taken to the village, Tom went to bed in his cabin, while Nat returned to the lighthouse. As Tom knew that Batt Kattcher and Peter Fawls wanted the document in the water-tight belt the worst way, and judged that they would employ every unfair means within their power to get possession of it, he, as a matter of precaution, hid the belt under a loose board in the cabin before he turned in.

For all he knew to the contrary, the villains might be still hiding in the vicinity, looking for an opportunity to pounce upon him unawares and take the belt away from him.

Tom slept till two in the afternoon, and was then awakened by hearing a knock at the door of the cabin. He hopped out of bed, ran to the window and peered out. Ruby Rand was standing outside, her golden hair glistening in the sunlight. Tom opened the window.

"Hello, Ruby, you there?"

"Yes, Tom."

"Well, wait; I'll be out in a minute."

He hurried on his clothes, opened the door and stepped outside.

"I s'pose you've heard all about what happened during the night," said the boy.

"Yes, Tom," replied Ruby with an anxious air. "And the people are saying awful things about Mr. Kattcher."

"They're not saying anything more than he deserves, I guess," answered Tom.

"Oh, Tom, is it really true what the people say—that he and a man named Fawls put the lighthouse lamps out last night?"

"There isn't any doubt about it in my mind, though nobody actually saw them do it."

"They say that you and Nat accused Mr. Kattcher and the other man of murdering a sailor named Jack Tobin, who came ashore from the wreck."

"Well, we saw them holding the poor fellow down on the sand, and I saw Kattcher strike him several blows. We rushed up and sent them flying. Afterward when they had the nerve to return, the sailor, with his dying breath, accused them of doing him up. That's all Nat and I know about it."

"It's terrible, Tom," said the girl. "If Mr. Kattcher is sent to prison I don't know what I shall do. I won't stay at the cottage with Moses."

"No, I wouldn't if I were you. You'll be able to find a home in the family of some other fisherman. Kattcher has no claim on you, anyway."

"I've always lived with him since I can remember, and he's treated me pretty well, especially since Mrs. Kattcher died."

"You're no relation of his, I understand."

"No."

"And he's never told you how you became a member of his family?"

"No. Moses says I'm a foundling, and teases me about it, as if it were something disgraceful."

"I've told you not to mind what Moses says. He'll say anything except his prayers, and I'll warrant he's never said them in his life."

"What is a foundling, Tom?"

"A child that's found somewhere and whose parents are not known, like myself."

"Are you a foundling, too, Tom?" asked Ruby, in surprise. "Moses always calls you a waif. He says you came out of the lake and that you ought to go back into it again."

"Very kind of him to say so," smiled Tom. "I did come out of the lake. Everybody around here knows I was pickled up on the shore after a storm by old Dan, my foster father. As he found me, and never discovered who my parents were, why, of course I'm a foundling like yourself. The only difference between us is that I know how I came to Dan, but you don't know how you came to the Kattchers."

"I wish I hadn't come to them. I think I'd been happier if somebody else had found me," replied the girl.

"Well, don't worry, Ruby. You're none the worse for being a foundling. Neither am I, though I often wish I knew who my parents were."

"So do I," said the girl, tears springing to her eyes. "Do you think I'll ever——"

"Ever what?"

"Find my father and mother," she said wistfully.

"You may, but I don't think I ever will. Are you going over to the village? I was told to come over to the inquest the coroner from Eastlake is going to hold this afternoon on the body of Jack Tobin. I've got to get my breakfast first. Come in and help me cook it."

As they entered the cabin the sallow, ill-natured

countenance of Moses Kattcher peered at them menacingly from behind a near-by boulder. He had been hanging around the cabin for more than two hours, keeping under cover as if he feared to be seen. Evidently the little rascal was up to something not strictly regular. He shook his fist after Tom and Ruby and thereafter kept a steady watch on the open doorway of the cabin.

What was his little game?

CHAPTER VII.—How Moses Overreaches Himself Without Knowing It.

Tom built a fire of driftwood in the stove and Ruby made the coffee and fried him some bacon and eggs, which he brought from Eastlake the day previous.

"You're a tip-top cook, Ruby," said Tom as he started to eat.

"I've cooked for Mr. Kattcher and Moses ever since Mrs. Kattcher died," she answered.

"And I suppose Mrs. Kattcher made you do some of the cooking when she was alive."

"Yes. I always worked about the house when I wasn't at school."

"This is better coffee than I make. Pour me out another cup."

Ruby helped him to a second cup and then went into the little back room and made up Tom's bed. When Tom had finished his meal she insisted on washing up the dishes and sweeping the cabin out. Tom then locked the door and he and Ruby started for the village.

Hardly were they out of sight before Moses Kattcher came from his concealment among the boulders. He went to the side window of the cabin and tried it. Finding it was secure he picked up a stone and smashed in one of the panes. Reaching his arm through the fracture he released the catch, pushed up the lower sash and scrambled into the house. He was inside a long time, but finally his head appeared at the window and he got out. Satisfied that there was no one in sight he sat down behind a near-by boulder and pulled the sailor's belt out of his pocket.

"I wonder what dad wants with this?" he asked himself. "There must be somethin' valuable in it, maybe money," he added with a shrewd grin. "My old man said he'd give me ten dollars if I brought it to him at the old mill down the road where he's hidin', 'cause he don't dare come back home on account of what people say about him. I'm goin' to look in it. If it's full of money dad'll never see it. I'll run away to Chicago and have a good time. He'll never know where I've gone. I'll bet he'll be arrested anyway and put in prison for puttin' out the lamps last night. I wonder what he did that for? He must have been a fool. If he goes to jail for it that's his funeral, not mine. As long as I don't go to jail I don't care."

While Moses was speaking he was slowly opening the belt. All he found in it was a folded piece of paper. He was intensely disappointed.

"Only a bit of paper," he said in disgust. "What good is that? I'll bet that ain't what my old man wants. I'll bet the belt was full of money and Tom Rockwood has taken it out and hidden it. I must go back to the cabin and hunt for it."

He opened the paper and looked at it. One side was filled with writing and figures, jumbled together. Moses was not a very good scholar, having neglected his studies as much as he could, so he found such difficulty in trying to decipher the contents of the paper that he gave it up, shoved it back into the belt and tossed the belt on the rocks. "If I take that to dad he'll swear I've taken the money, just as if I'd steal anythin'. He'll probably wallop me instead of givin' me ten dollars. I'll tell him I couldn't find the blamed old belt. It ain't no good, anyway, for there ain't nothin' in it but the paper."

Moses took another look around, and finding that the coast was still clear, he ventured to enter Tom's cabin again through the window. Then he proceeded to look the place all over again, though he had done that pretty thoroughly before he lighted on the loose board underneath which he found Jack Tobin's belt. He was not successful in finding any money, though he almost made a wreck of the inside of the cabin.

"Mebbe he's taken it with him," thought the young rascal. "What a shame, after all the trouble I've had lookin' for it!"

At that moment a key was thrust into the lock and the door opened. Moses was taken by surprise, and tried to escape by the window. Tom and Nat saw him as they were entering, and the former gave a gasp. He rushed forward, caught Moses by the leg and pulled him back into the room.

"What are you doing in my cabin, Moses Kattcher?" Tom demanded angrily.

"Nothin'," answered Moses sulkily.

"Nothing!" cried Nat. "Just look at the room, Tom. He's been turning everything topsy-turvy."

"What in thunder have you been up to?" roared Tom, aghast by the scene of confusion.

Moses said nothing. He was shaking in his shoes, for fear that Tom would give him a terrible lambasting.

"He's been hunting for your valuables," said Nat.

"What have you got in your pockets?" asked Tom.

"Nothin'," replied Moses. "I didn't take a thing."

"Search him, Nat."

Nat went through young Kattcher's pockets, but found nothing that belonged to Rockwood. Tom was puzzled.

"So you smashed my window to get in, did you?" said Tom, seeing the splinters of glass on the floor. "You committed house-breaking, and I can have you sent to prison for it."

That frightened Moses and he weakened.

"Let me off and I'll tell yer why I come here," he whined.

"Why did you come?" asked Tom.

"Will yer let me go if I do?"

"That will depend on whether I believe you or not."

"Dad sent me here to find an old belt yer got from the sailor chap who was washed ashore this mornin' from the wreck."

Tom looked over in the corner where the belt was hidden and saw that the loose board was lying beside the hole in which it fitted.

"You've found it, you little rascal!" cried Tom in a furious tone. "What have you done with it?"

"It's out on the rocks. There wasn't nothin' in it but a piece of paper."

"What did you do with the paper?"

"Nothin'. Put it back in the belt ag'in."

"Hold him, Nat, till I see if he's lying."

Tom went outside and hunted among the boulders. He spied the belt, opened it and found the paper safe, to his great relief. He returned with the belt to the cabin.

"So this was what you were hunting for?" he said to Moses.

"Yes."

"Why did you leave it on the rocks after you got hold of it?" demanded Tom, wondering why the fisherman's son had not skipped with it instead of coming back to the cabin.

"Because it wasn't worth nothin'. I thought there was money in it."

"You did, eh? You say your father told you to come here and hunt for it?"

"Yes."

"Did he tell you there was money in the belt?"

"Naw. He ain't sich a fool."

"Where did he tell you?"

"He told me to hunt for the belt and bring it to him."

"Well, you found the belt, why didn't you take it to him right away?"

"When I found there wasn't nothin' in it but that piece of paper I guessed you'd taken the money out, so I come back to hunt for it."

"Then you thought there ought to be money in the belt?"

"Sure. My old man wouldn't have offered me ten dollars jest to bring him that belt with only a piece of paper in it. He'd have said I stole the money, and given me a lickin'."

"What are you going to tell him now when you see him?"

"I'll tell him that you and Nat Wills caught me in the cabin and knocked the stuffin' out of me before I could find the belt."

"Well, we ought to knock the stuffing out of you. Look at the trouble you've made for me."

"I ain't took nothin'," growled Moses.

"That isn't the thing. You've upset my house. It'll take me an hour to put things to rights. Well, you can go. If I catch anything disturbed here again during my absence I'll suspect you've been here again, and I'll have you arrested and sent to prison for what you did this afternoon. Nat Wills is witness that I caught you here red-handed."

"I'm not comin' here no more, don't yer worry. You don't keep nothin' in the old place worth shucks."

Tom let him loose and Moses got out as quick as he could and hastened to the old mill to tell his father that his mission had been a failure, never dreaming that he had really found what his father wanted so badly, and might easily have got clean off with it before Tom and Nat turned up.

CHAPTER VIII.—Tom and Nat Fall Into the Clutches of the Enemy.

"Well, what do you think of Moses Kattcher now?" laughed Tom. "He found the very thing his father sent him for, but he failed to take advantage of the fact because he thought the belt

ought to have contained a wad of money. If that isn't lucky for me, supposing this document means all that Jack Tobin said it does, I don't know what is luck."

"Let's examine the paper and see what's in it," said Nat eagerly.

"Not until we've repaired damages. While I am picking my traps up you'd better get a piece of wood and nail it over that hole in the window."

"All right," replied Nat, and he got busy.

After Tom had cleaned up the kitchen he looked into his bedroom. The clothes had been all pulled off the bed, and the mattress was turned up.

"The little villain!" muttered Tom. "After Ruby had made the bed up so nicely. I'd like to—well, what's the use? You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

As soon as everything had been put to rights again Tom lit the fire and the boys cooked supper for themselves. After they had eaten it Nat brought up the subject of the paper in the belt again.

"Lock the door, Nat, and we'll take a look at it," said Tom, producing the belt.

"What did the dead sailor say about it?" said Nat. "Something about a treasure, wasn't it?"

"Yes. He said the paper would guide me to a spot where a treasure in gold is hidden."

"A treasure in gold! That will make you rich if you find it."

"Probably, if I find it."

"The paper ought to tell you where to find it."

Tom opened the belt, took the paper from it, unfolded it and spread it out carefully on the table.

"There's a lot of writing and figures on it," he said.

"Well, read it," said Nat eagerly.

So Tom began as follows:

"Seventeen miles W. N. W. of Cross Village, Emmet County, Michigan, and almost directly in line with the Strait of Mackinac, is a small island called——"

A loud rap on the door interrupted Tom.

"Go to the door, Nat, and see who's there," he said. "Better look out of the window first."

"It's Jud Wicker," said Nat, and he opened the door. "Hello, Jud! What's wanted now?"

"Your dad wants you to take an important letter to town and put it in the post-office," said the assistant lighthouse keeper.

"All right. Where's the letter?"

"Here it is," said Wicker, handing it to Nat.

"Tell dad that I'll start at once. You'll come with me, won't you, Tom?"

"Sure, I will," replied the young fisherman, refolding the document he had started to read and replacing it in the belt. "I don't like to leave this belt in the house," he said to his chum after Wicker had gone. "No telling but Batt Kattcher and his friend Fawls might take a notion to come over here, break in and search for it while I'm away. I guess I'll hide it under one of the boulders outside."

"If I were you I'd strap the belt around my waist under my shirt, same as Jack Tobin did, then you'll always know where it is," suggested Nat.

"That isn't a bad idea," said Tom. "I guess I'll do it."

He went into his bedroom and strapped the belt on in the manner described.

"All ready to go now?" asked Nat.

"Yes," replied Tom.

He locked up and the boys started for Eastlake, which was not much more than three miles distant. They had to cross a rocky and sloping tract of ground for nearly half a mile before they struck the road leading from Gosport village to the town. The road was a fairly good one, and they expected to reach the post-office in an hour. By that time it would be dark, and they would have to come back in the gloom. That fact, however, didn't bother them any. They had proceeded about half a mile along the road when they met Moses Kattcher on his way back to Gosport from the old mill where he had carried to his father his unsatisfactory report of his failure to secure the belt. Batt had believed him, and was much disappointed over the result of his son's mission.

"Hello, Moses! Been to see your father?" grinned Tom.

"None of yer business where I've been," growled Moses.

"Better be civil or Nat and me might take it into our heads to repay a few old scores we owe you."

"What yer want to know where I've been for?" retorted Moses, hanging back.

"Oh, I just asked you. I don't expect you to tell me where your father is hiding, for it's nothing to me. The government detectives will soon be looking for him, and I guess they'll nab him all right—he and his friend Fawls."

"Where are you two goin'?" asked Moses with some curiosity.

"We're ust taking a walk for our health, Moses," chuckled Tom.

"Ye're goin' to town, I'll bet."

"Think we are, eh?"

"I know yer are, or else——"

"Well, why don't you finish?"

Moses wouldn't finish what he started to say, so the boys passed him and walked on. The fisherman's son watched them till they vanished around a turn in the road, then, instead of continuing on his way he began to retrace his steps. When Tom and Nat were within a mile of the town they passed the old mill where, unknown to them, Batt Kattcher was hiding from public observation. Peter Fawls didn't consider it necessary to get under cover himself, but for all that he did not make himself very prominent. He spent a large part of the day at the old mill, conniving with Kattcher about getting possession of the paper that Jack Tobin had turned over to Tom Rockwood. The wreck of the "Windy City" would put a large sum of insurance money in the wily lawyer's pocket if all went well, for he had shipped twenty cases of waste paper from Chicago to Katahdin under the name of silks and velvets, and had them insured as such. He had not counted on a storm to aid him, but on the dark-moonless nights at that part of the month, and the temporary dousing of the light on Bird Point. Moses Kattcher shadowed Tom and Nat until they passed the mill, then he ran over to the old building and told his father that the two boys had just passed on their way to town.

"Now's yer chance, dad, to go to the shore and search the cabin yerself if yer think yer kin do better than I did," said Moses.

Batt growled out some reply and told Moses to get home right away, but to be sure and fetch a supply of eatables in the morning. Shortly after Moses departed again for the village Peter Fawls appeared at the mill. He had seen Tom and Nat entering the suburbs of Eastlake, and feeling satisfied they would return to Gosport later on, and that most of the back journey would be made in the dark, it struck him as a good idea for him and Batt to waylay and capture them. He suggested the matter to his confederate as soon as he reached the mill.

"If this Tom Rockwood hasn't hidden the paper somewhere in his cabin he may have it on his person. It's worth the trouble of catching and bringing them here to get Rockwood at least in our power. Maybe we can make terms with him for the paper. If we can't, and he hasn't the document about him, we can keep them prisoners until we have made an exhaustive search of his cabin for it."

Kattcher was willing to be guided by any promising proposition advanced by the lawyer, and so he agreed, with Fawls' assistance, to ambush the two boys on their way home. After depositing the letter in the post-office Tom and Nat spent an hour around town and then started for the shore of the lake. While passing a clump of bushes not far from the mill Kattcher and Fawls rushed upon them with sticks and felled them to the ground unconscious.

CHAPTER IX.—In the Cellar of the Old Mill.

"That was very neatly done," said Peter Fawls, looking down at the motionless boys. "Now we must carry them to the mill."

Suiting the action to the word he raised Nat Wills in his arms and started for the ancient building, leaving Kattcher to follow with Tom Rockwood. In a few moments they had the boys inside the gloomy old structure. The lamp they had left turned low was turned up and they took a better look at their prisoners.

"I raised quite a lump on this chap's head," said the lawyer, alluding to Nat.

"And I laid Rockwood out as flat as a pancake," said Kattcher.

"Now go through his pockets and see if you can find the paper."

Batt did so, but the important document was not in his clothes.

"It's still in the belt and hidden somewhere in his cabin. We'll tie these two lads to a couple of the supports of the cellar and then we'll go over to Rockwood's cabin and search it thoroughly," said Fawls.

Accordingly they carried the boys down into the musty-smelling cellar of the old mill in the dark. Then the lawyer went back for the lamp and several pieces of thin rope, of which there was a lot in the upper back room. They tied Tom and Nat in sitting positions to separate posts.

"If they can get out of this cellar now they're welcome to their freedom," said Fawls, after inspecting the work.

The two men then returned above, taking the lamp with them and leaving the unconscious boys in the dark. After closing the trap above the

stairs they laid a couple of heavy stones on top of it to hold it down.

"Even if they did succeed in freeing themselves they can't get out of the cellar to save their lives," said the lawyer. "Now we'll go to the cabin and hunt for that belt."

Kattcher blew out the light, put the lamp into a small cupboard, and then the pair of rascals started for the bluff near the lighthouse. Although the crack Tom received on the head from the stick wielded by Batt Kattcher was sufficiently hard to deprive him of consciousness for the time being, he had not received the full force of the blow. He recovered his senses half an hour after the men left the mill. His first sensation was that of wonder at finding himself tied and helpless in some place that was as dark as the ace of spades. In a moment or two he began to understand the situation, for before he was struck down he caught a glimpse of the two men, whom he recognized as his enemies, rushing upon himself and Nat with uplifted sticks, that descended on their heads before either could dodge the blows.

"I see through the matter now," he muttered. "The rascals waylaid us on our way back to the shore. They must have seen us on the road and laid their plans to do us up. The question is, where are we and what are they going to do with us?"

Tom thought of the belt around his waist at once. Of course Kattcher and Fawls had searched him while he was unconscious and found it on his person. That was what they were after. Then they had tied and left him helpless in some place that appeared to be a room. He did not know of any building in the neighborhood of the spot where he and Nat had been assaulted except the old mill. He therefore naturally concluded that he was in the mill.

"If they've gone on and left me here in this state I'll starve to death, for nobody ever visits the mill. I wonder what they did with Nat? Maybe he's here, too. I don't hear a sound, though, to indicate that anybody besides myself is in the room."

Tom shouted Nat's name several times, and receiving no reply he struggled a bit with his bonds, but they held him almost as if he were in a vise.

"This is fierce," he grumbled. "Nat and I ought to have been on our guard against a possible surprise; but the last thing we thought of was the possibility of an attack from Kattcher and his friend. That's where we were foolish. We ought to have suspected that the rascals might be hanging around the neighborhood, watching for a chance to secure that paper. The fact that Batt Kattcher sent his son to my cabin to search for it was proof of his presence in this vicinity, and wherever he was one might reasonably conclude that Fawls was with him."

Tom metaphorically kicked himself for being so stupid as not to guard against all possible contingencies.

"I'm not half as clever as I thought I was," he muttered in disgust. "Kattcher and his friend are now on top while I'm in the soup."

He passed an unpleasant hour thinking how an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. Then he heard a rustling sound close by.

"What's that?" he asked himself while he listened for a repetition of the noise.

He heard it again.

"I guess there are rats in this building. This seems to be the cellar of the old mill. If they're hungry they might take a notion to nibble at me, and I couldn't drive them off."

That reflection was not a comfortable one for Tom, for he had a horror of rats, and shivered at the very idea of being at the mercy of a swarm of rodents. The sound he had been listening to reached him again, but this time it was accompanied by a subdued human voice.

"I believe that's Nat," thought Tom with a thrill of hope, for misery always craves company, and no one relishes the idea of being absolutely alone under the circumstances the young fisherman was in. "Hi, is that you, Nat?" he called out.

"Hello, Tom; you here, too?"

"I should say I am here. How is it you've been so quiet?"

"I just woke up."

"You mean that you just came to your senses?"

"I s'pose so. Where are we at?"

"In the cellar of the old mill, I've figured."

"How did we get here?"

"We were brought here by Kattcher and Fawls after they knocked us out in the road. You remember we were attacked by them, don't you, on our way back from town?"

"Yes, I remember two men rushing at us with clubs, but I didn't recognize them. So it was Batt Kattcher and Fawls?"

"Yes."

"And they brought us here and tied us in this place?"

"Looks as if they did, doesn't it?"

"Where are they now?"

"Gone off and left us here, I guess."

"What are we going to do?"

"If we can't manage to free ourselves I don't know what we're going to do."

A few moments of silence followed.

"Say, Tom, did they take the belt away from you?"

"I couldn't tell you. I should imagine they did, yet somehow I feel as if it were still around my body."

"Maybe they didn't find it on you."

"I hope they didn't."

"Let's see if we can work loose," said Nat.

"I've been trying, but I couldn't make any headway. However, I'm going to try again. Now, then, all together."

Both prisoners made a big effort to get free, but it amounted to nothing.

"We seem to be tied to remain so," said Tom at length.

"This is Kattcher's work. Hes' a sailor and knows how to fix a knot so it won't slip," replied Nat.

During the two hours that followed the boys made repeated efforts to slip their bonds, but they were unsuccessful. They were beginning to feel greatly discouraged over the situation when they heard footsteps on the boards overhead.

"I'll bet the rascals have come back," said Nat. "Probably we'll have a visit from them."

CHAPTER X.—Turning the Tables on the Enemy.

If Nat had been a wizard he couldn't have made a better guess. Batt Kattcher and Peter Fawls intended to pay them a visit without delay. The boys heard the rumble of the two heavy stones as they were rolled off the trap, which was then opened and the men appeared with the lamp. It was the lawyer who carried the lamp, and by its light the rascals surveyed their prisoners.

"So you chaps have come to your senses, eh?" said the fisherman.

The boys did not answer him.

"How do you like the fix you are in?" continued Kattcher with a grin.

"How would you like it?" retorted Tom.

"We came down here to find out where that paper is that you got from Jack Tobin. We've been over to your cabin huntin' for it, but we couldn't find it. Before we put you down here we went through your clothes, but they didn't pan out. Mebbe you've got the document sewn up in your jacket. We didn't think of that before. We're goin' to find out."

Peter Fawls placed the lamp on a box near at hand and the two men unloosened Tom from the post. Kattcher pulled Tom's jacket off and began the slip, for his ankles remained tied to the other post. Kattcher pulled Tom's jacket off and began feeling it carefully over. Had the paper been sewn into the lining he would have found it out.

"Maybe he's got the belt strapped around his waist," said Fawls when the fisherman dropped the jacket. The suggestion was not lost on the fisherman. He commenced feeling of Tom's body. In a moment he uttered an exclamation of triumph, and pulling up the boy's shirt showed the coveted belt in the lamplight.

"We might have saved ourselves a lot of useless trouble if we'd thought of that before," said the lawyer. "Take it off him and tie him up again."

Kattcher soon got the belt off Tom and tossed it to Fawls, who, while the fisherman was re-tying the boy, opened the belt and found the paper.

"It's here," said the lawyer. "The treasure is now as good as ours."

Kattcher was so excited by the knowledge that they had got hold of the paper they wanted so badly, and he was so eager to get a look at its contents, that he bungled the job of securing Tom to the post once more.

"If you'd acted right by us you might have made somethin' out of this thing," he said to Tom with a chuckle of satisfaction. "Now you won't get even a look-in. The next time somebody leaves you a legacy I advise you to hold on to it."

Kattcher punctuated the remark with a sardonic laugh, and picking up the lamp the two men left the cellar. They did not take the time, or think it necessary to replace the stones on the trap, but hurried to the box which answered for a table and placing the lamp in the centre of it, Fawls spread out the paper and began to read aloud its contents.

"Gee! That's hard luck! They've got the paper at last," said Nat, after the trap had been closed again, leaving them in darkness.

Tom made no reply. He was as mad as a hor-

net to think the rascals had triumphed over him. He yanked savagely at his bonds and they began to yield. Another effort enabled him to release one of his arms, and the other followed easily.

"I'm nearly free, Nat," he said in a tone of satisfaction. "Kattcher made a bad job of re-tying me."

Nat felt like shouting, but he didn't, and waited for his companion to complete his way to liberty of action. Tom lost no time in pulling out his jackknife and cutting his ankles loose. Then he crawled over to Nat and released him in a few moments.

"Now," said Tom in a determined tone, "if we can get out of this cellar I am going to make a strenuous effort to recover that paper."

"I'll back you up," replied Nat.

"Follow me and see that you don't make any noise. The stairway is over yonder."

Tom led the way. Ascending the short but stout flight of steps he put his hands against the bottom of the trap and pushed on it. It rose slowly without noise, and Tom saw Kattcher and the lawyer, with their backs to him, poring over the paper which was his legacy. Tom let the trap fall back again. Then he turned to Nat and told him what he had seen.

"Go down and see if you can find a couple of sticks. We couldn't have a better chance to get back at those rascals than we have now," whispered Tom.

"What's the matter with getting the lines with which we were tied, make a couple of nooses, and after slipping up behind them, drop them over their heads and arms and haul them taut? Then they'd be almost as helpless as we were a little while ago," suggested Nat.

"All right," agreed Tom. "They're both in a fine position to be caught off their guard. Hurry up and get the ropes."

Nat got the ropes, and as both were experts in making all kinds of sailor knots they soon made a couple of nooses that would fill the bill. Tom then raised the trap again with great caution. The two rascals were in the same positions, studying the directions on the paper. Tom stepped on the floor and held the trap for Nat to come up, then he let it down softly into its place. Like shadows they advanced on the men, with nooses ready for action, Tom taking Kattcher for his victim, leaving the lawyer to Nat. At the proper moment the nooses were dropped over the heads of the two rascals and hauled taut around their arms. Kattcher and Fawls were taken completely by surprise, and before they realized what had happened to them the boys had the ends of the lines knotted so that the nooses wouldn't slip. Tom then grabbed the paper off the box.

"We have turned the tables on you and your friend, Batt Kattcher," chuckled Tom. "How do you like the situation now?"

The men glared at the two boys in a dazed way. They could not understand how they came to be at liberty. It did not seem at all natural to the rascals. They sprang to their feet and tried to use their pinioned arms, but the effort was quite useless. Then Kattcher began to swear like a trooper.

"Let us loose, you young monkeys!" he roared.

"Not on your life, Batt Kattcher," replied Tom. "You tied us up pretty tight, and now we're giving you a taste of the same medicine."

The fisherman hurled all kinds of threats at Tom, but they made no impression on the boy. He quietly folded up the paper relating to the alleged treasure, replaced it in the belt, and strapped the belt about his waist again. The next thing was what were they to do with the men? They were both wanted to answer for the crime of putting out the lighthouse lamps and thereby causing the loss of the steamer "Windy City." Tom considered it his duty to hand them over to the authorities. To accomplish this it would be necessary to get more complete control of the rascals than they had, especially of Batt Kattcher, who was strong enough to be almost unmanageable even with his arms tied to his sides.

"Get a couple pieces of that rope off the wall yonder, Nat," Tom said.

The lighthouse keeper's son brought the line.

"We must trip Kattcher up and tie his legs," said Tom in a low tone.

The fisherman, suspecting their purpose, made a desperate effort to get free. The boys jumped on him, tripped him up, and after a big fight succeeded in securing his legs together. Tom then lifted the trap and they shoved the man down into the cellar.

"Now for Fawls," said Tom. "He'll be easy."

The lawyer, however, had disappeared. He had taken advantage of the fact that the boys had their hands full with Kattcher, and left both the room and the mill.

CHAPTER XI.—A Night Visit.

"We've lost him," said Tom after they had hunted around the immediate neighborhood without success. "He must have used his legs to good advantage."

"Looks like it. I s'pose he's run up the road toward town," said Nat. "He'll have to get somebody to take that noose off his arms before he can enter Eastlake. Then he'll have to be careful that the town police don't run him in, for they must be looking for him as well as Batt Kattcher."

"Come, we must put those stones over the trap to hold it down, and blow the lamp out before we leave here," said Tom. "Then we'll return to town and notify the police that they will find Kattcher in the cellar, tied hand and foot."

Inside of half an hour the boys entered the Eastlake police station and told their story to the officer in charge. Three policemen were despatched to the old mill in a light wagon to take charge of the fisherman. Tom and Nat accompanied them. When the lamp was lighted the trap-door was discovered to be open, and the bird flown.

"I'll bet Fawls is responsible for this," said Tom in a tone of disgust. "He must have managed to get rid of the noose somehow, and then he came back and set his friend, the fisherman, free. It's too bad after we had them both dead to rights."

The officers were not pleased at having come on a wild-goose chase, and they returned to town much disgruntled, while Tom and Nat returned to the shore, keeping their eyes wide open lest Kattcher and Fawls be on the watch for them. Nat went with Tom to the cabin where they found plenty evidences of the visit made by the

two rascals in their efforts to find the belt. They had made their entrance through the same window used by Moses, and Nat had another job repairing it. It took some time to put things to rights, and then Nat agreed to remain all night with Tom, to help him in case the enemy made another descent on the cabin. The clock had just struck two when Tom awakened from a disquieting dream. In his vision Batt Kattcher and Peter Fawls had broken into the cabin, and while one was holding him helpless the other was relieving him of his belt with the paper.

"That was a mighty realistic dream, all right," eh said to himself as he sat up in bed. "I'm glad it wasn't true."

At that moment he heard sounds at the door. He listened intently, his nerves all of a tingle. He was soon satisfied that somebody was trying to force the door with some kind of an implement. He jumped out of bed and slipped over to the front window. It was a dark night, the only light coming from the stars which shone rather dimly, still Tom could see the indistinct outlines of two figures outside, one of whom was bent over, working at the door. Nobody but Batt Kattcher and Peter Fawls would have any object in trying to enter his cabin in such an underhand way. He rushed back to the little bedroom and awakened Nat.

"What's the trouble?" asked the lightkeeper's son sleepily.

"Batt Kattcher and Fawls are trying to get into the cabin," replied Tom.

"You don't mean it!" cried Nat, startled into wakefulness.

"I do mean it. Listen and you'll hear one of them trying to force the door."

Nat listened and was convinced.

"What have you got here to lay them out with?" he asked.

"I've a stout cudgel for one thing," replied Tom.

"That's first-rate."

"I've also a loaded revolver that belonged to old Dan."

"That's better. You take the revolver and give me the stick. We'll give them a warm reception."

Nat took up his position near the door and waited, while Tom crouched not far away. A moment later the door yielded with a crash. Then in rushed a big man, followed by a smaller one. Nat swung the cudgel and it fell with a thud upon the back of the first man, who fell forward on the floor with a roar of pain mingled with imprecations. At the same time Tom fired. The flash lighted up the room for a moment and revealed the faces of Kattcher and Fawls. The lawyer, startled by the report, and the hum of a bullet close to his ear, turned and fled from the building, and up the shore at full speed, leaving his companion to take his own chances.

"Throw up your hands, Kattcher, or I'll shoot you full of holes!" cried Tom in ringing tones. "Show a light, Nat."

Nat hurriedly lighted the lamp, and the fisherman was discovered leaning against the table half dazed by the blow he had received from the cudgel.

"Get a piece of line and tie his arms behind him," directed Tom. "If you make any resistance, Kattcher, I'll be obliged to shoot you, for we can't afford to take chances with a man of your caliber."

The fisherman saw that he was up against it, and he sullenly submitted to be bound.

"You thought to steal a march on me, Kattcher, but your scheme didn't work," said Tom. "When I am looking for trouble I sleep with one eye open. You escaped from the old mill, but I guess you won't escape us this time."

"What are you goin' to do with me?" growled the fisherman.

"Turn you over to the authorities."

"I'll give you \$100 to let me go."

"No, I wouldn't take a thousand."

"You'll regret it if you don't."

"I don't think I'll regret doing my duty. Nat, get your clothes on, run over to the lighthouse and tell your father that we've captured Batt Kattcher. Tell him to send Wicker over with you to escort Kattcher to the lighthouse where he can be locked up in the oil-room for the rest of the night."

"All right," replied Nat, who, five minutes later, was on his way.

"Look here, Rockwood," said the fisherman when they were alone, "can't I make a deal with you? You'll never be able to find that treasure without assistance. If you'll let me go, and stand in with Fawls and me, you shall have a fair half, and we'll be satisfied with a quarter apiece."

"I wouldn't make a deal with such men as you if I never got the treasure left me by Tobin," replied Tom firmly.

"It would be money in your pocket to do it," said Kattcher.

"You are only wasting your breath. I won't have anything to do with either of you. You'll be in jail, anyway, a few hours from now, and so will Fawls, as soon as he is caught."

The fisherman tried to continue the argument, but Tom wouldn't listen to him. Then Nat returned with Jud Wicker, and Kattcher, much against his will, was compelled to accompany them to the lighthouse. Afterward Nat came back and spent the remainder of the night at the cabin. Next morning Kattcher was taken to the village lock-up, a small building used to confine an occasional fisherman when he became unmanageable in his cups, and word was sent to the town police. When it became known that Kattcher had been caught half the village went to the lock-up to try and get a view of the man charged with putting out the lighthouse lamps and incidentally bringing about the wreck of the steamer "Windy City."

When the fisherman appeared at the barred window and looked at the crowd he was saluted with all kinds of uncomplimentary remarks, chiefly hurled at him by those members of the little community who had been sore on him for a long time. Kattcher denied his guilt to the few cronies he had, and asserted that Tom Rockwood and Nat Wills lied when they said they had seen him and his friend Fawls in the lighthouse on the night of the gale. When asked why he had been keeping under cover since the charge was made against him he claimed that he had good reasons for it which were nobody's business but his own. In due time a wagon and several policemen arrived from Eastlake and transferred him to the town jail, where he was held to await the action of the United States authorities.

That afternoon a couple of government detectives, with the inspector of the district, arrived

at the Bird Point Light and began an investigation of the circumstances attending the loss of the steamer "Windy City" on the Shark's Teeth reef. Tom and Nat were both called on to testify, and their stories went a long way to establish the guilt of Batt Kattcher and Peter Fawls. The inspector told them that they would be called on to testify at the trial of the accused, no doubt being entertained but that the lawyer would soon be taken into custody. When the inspector and the detectives returned to Eastlake they learned that Peter Fawls had given himself up, and asked for an immediate examination for himself and Kattcher. This examination was set for the following morning, and a messenger was sent to Gosport to notify Obadiah Wills, his son and Tom Rockwood to be present at it.

CHAPTER XII.—What the Document Contained.

Tom had been pretty well occupied all day and neither he nor Nat thought about the document in the belt until they were eating supper that evening.

"We'll read it after we get through eating," said Tom; "that is, if we are not interrupted again."

That suited Nat, who was extremely eager to learn about the alleged treasure that his friend was heir to. When the dishes were washed up and the kitchen put to rights, Tom got the paper out of the belt, and the second attempt to master its contents was begun. This is what he read:

"Seventeen miles W. N. W. of Cross village, Emmet County, Michigan, and almost directly in line with the Strait of Mackinac, is a small island called Hog Island. Here in the year 1862 came one Jean Frontenac, a French Canadian, to live. He dwelt on the island eighteen years, living a hermit's existence, in a small hovel near the shore. He supported himself by fishing and raising certain garden truck on a small patch of ground behind his hut. He died a month ago, just one week after I, Jack Tobin, was marooned on this island by Capt. Batt Kattcher, of the fishing sloop 'Pandora,' hailing from Gosport village, Mich., because I had threatened to expose certain smuggling operations of Kattcher and his confederate, Peter Fawls, a lawyer of Eastlake, a town near Gosport. These two were hand-in-glove in the business of running cases of French cognac from the village of Putney, on the Canadian shore, to Gosport in the sloop 'Pandora.' Jean Frontenac was ill in bed when I came across him, and I did my best to fetch him around, but he died. Before his death he confided to me that he had buried the sum of \$100,000 in French gold at a certain spot near his cabin, the exact location of which he described to me as follows: At foot of an old oak tree 30 paces due east from N. E. corner of cabin, dig 4 feet. This money he bequeathed to me in gratitude for my services to him in his last days of life. After I had buried him I hunted for the money and found a foreign-looking brass-bound chest at the spot named. It was too heavy for me to lift out of the hole, and I could not break the cover open. So I recovered it, making the ground look as I found it, and there

it must lie till I am so fortunate as to be taken off this island, and can come back later prepared to take the money away with me. I have noted these facts down because it suited my fancy to do so, as well as to keep the matter fresh in my mind.

"Writ by Jack Tobin, on Hog Island, April 16, 18—."

Then immediately under the above appeared the following in different ink:

"Chicago, May 8.—I never expected to meet Capt. Kattcher again on the deck of the 'Pandora' sloop, and yet that has happened. A week after I had jotted down the words written above the captain put in at Hog Island to see if I was alive. Finding that I was he agreed to take me off and land me at Gosport if I would swear never to reveal what I knew about his smuggling operations. Being eager to get away from the island that I might make arrangements for getting hold of the dead Frenchman's money, I consented. He had a Testament on the sloop, and so I took the oath. After that his attitude toward me was friendly. Unfortunately, the day before we arrived at Gosport he saw me reading what I had written above on the island, and his curiosity being aroused, he stole the paper from me that night, and after reading it hid it in a corner of his bunk, intending to use the information for his own profit. When I missed the paper I suspected that he had taken it, and watching my chance I entered his berth and hunted around until I found it in his bunk. Soon after we came to anchor he found the paper gone and accused me of stealing it from him, asserting that it belonged to him. I admitted having recovered it, and told him what I thought of him for taking it from my jacket while I slept. He swore that he'd have me searched and the paper taken from me by force unless I agreed to divide the treasure with him. I pretended to agree, and while we were talking the matter over Lawyer Fawls came aboard and took him below. I took advantage of the chance to get ashore, and started for Chicago to take an old friend into my confidence, intending to allow him a liberal portion of the treasure if he would help me carry it away from the island. An hour ago I learned that my friend was dead, so that now I will have to try and bring away the treasure by my own exertions. I have decided to take the steamer 'Windy City' to Kattahdin, and make my way to Cross village as best I can. Then I will have to hire a small sailboat, purchase such tools as are necessary for breaking open the chest, and then——"

At that point the writer had evidently been interrupted, for the manuscript stopped abruptly and was not resumed. The reader must not imagine that the writing on the paper was as clear and well written as we have given it. On the contrary, the chirography was so bad that Tom had considerable difficulty in making it out, while the spelling was pretty rocky. Jack had not been an educated man to any great extent, but he was a man who, nevertheless, liked to commit his thoughts to paper. For years he had kept a disconnected sort of diary on separate sheets of paper, jotting down his impressions about any unusual occurrence or adventure that happened to him. He kept them in his well-worn sea-chest,

which reposed in the attic room in a Gosport cottage he occupied when ashore. He had sailed with Batt Kattcher for several years, and only for Batt's smuggling proclivities, which he strongly disapproved, might have sailed with him many more.

The break in their relations led, as the paper showed, to Tobin's discovery of the treasure; and the discovery of the treasure led to the sailor's fatal trip on the steamer "Windy City." Yet he would have survived that, and in all probability have ultimately secured the treasure, but for his unfortunate meeting with Batt Kattcher and Peter Fawls when he was cast in a weakened state on the shore. The three blows the fisherman gave him over the heart finished him, and Batt was as much his murderer as if he had knifed or shot him. After Tom Rockwood had waded through the writing he paused and looked at Nat.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked.

"What do I think? I think there's a treasure on Hog Island, all right. Tobin dug down to a brass-bound box, and though he did not actually see the money there seems no doubt in my mind that it's there. If there's really \$100,000 in French gold coin in that box, you'll be a rich boy when you get hold of it."

"It seems too good to be true, Nat. Why, \$100,000 is more money than most men make in the whole course of their lives."

"You can bet your life it is. What will you do with so much coin when it comes into your possession?"

"I never count my chickens before they're hatched, Nat. It's a bad practice. When I get that money in my hands, if I ever do, I'll begin to think what use I'll put it to."

"Well, now you know where it is, and just where to look for it, if I were you I'd lose no time going straight to Hog Island. I'll go with you. I guess the two of us can get that box out of the hole. At any rate, we can take something with us that will smash open the box, and we can then fill some bags with the money."

"I suppose the best way to go to Hog Island would be to take a train to Mackinac and hire a small sloop there and sail due west to the island."

"That isn't the way I'd go if I were in your shoes."

"What would you do? Leave the railroad at the nearest point to Cross village and hire a boat at that place?"

"No, I'd sail up the coast in your sloop as far as Cross village, and then steer from there to Hog Island, which, according to the paper, is 17 miles W. N. W. from that point."

"That would take time."

"What of it? If the \$100,000 is there you could bring it back here in your own craft, and nobody need know what kind of a cargo you carried. If you went to Mackinac by rail, or Cross village, and hired a sloop at either place, you'd have to transship your treasure on your return, and that might lead to trouble one way or another, and would be more expensive, not speaking of the chance of some of the money, which would have to be boxed, being lost or going astray through an error or the carelessness of an express employee."

"Your argument seems to be pretty good, Nat. I shall consider it. I guess I have funds enough

to finance the trip, but Hog Island is a long distance for us to make for in my little old sloop, which wasn't new even when it first came into old Dan's possession."

"It's a good, stanch boat yet. I wouldn't be afraid to go to Canada in her."

"Well, I'm tired and sleepy. My rest was broken last night, and I didn't sleep anything to speak of the night before. I should think you'd feel done up, too, for you're in the same boat."

"I don't feel any too bright."

"Going to stay with me, or will you return to the lighthouse?"

"I'd just as soon stay here if it's all the same to you."

"Sure. I'd be glad to have you stay. After we return from the examination of those two rascals tomorrow we'll make our plans about going to Hog Island after the treasure."

"Good," replied Nat in a tone of satisfaction. "I think we'll have a bang-up time going there in your sloop if you decide to adopt my suggestion."

Feeling quite safe against intruders now that Kattcher and Fawls were in the county jail, Tom and Nat turned in and slept like a top until long after sunrise.

CHAPTER XIII.—Starting After His Legacy.

At the examination of Kattcher and Fawls next morning, the prisoners were held on the evidence of Tom Rockwood and Nat Wills. The manager of the fish-curing establishment bailed the lawyer out, and subsequently Peter Fawls secured bail for Batt Kattcher. Thus both rascals obtained their freedom pending their trial, the date of which was not as yet set. Tom having decided to make the trip in his little sloop to Hog Island, he and Nat, after their return from town, proceeded to make their preparations for immediate departure. Tom bought his supplies in Eastlake, and had them delivered at his cabin. He secured tools for breaking open the brass-bound chest described by Tobin, and purchased a dozen stout bags in which to put the money. While they were putting their stuff aboard the sloop Ruby Rand appeared on the beach.

"Hello, Ruby! How's things at the cottage?" asked Tom.

"Captain Kattcher is back."

"Is he? I heard that he was released on bail—he and Lawyer Fawls."

"The 'Pandora' is going to sail tomorrow morning."

"Is she?" said Tom indifferently.

"Yes; and what do you think? Moses and Mr. Fawls are going in her."

"What, the lawyer going, too?" asked the young fisherman in surprise.

"Yes."

"What do you think of that, Nat?"

"I think there's something in the wind. Kattcher is not going on a fishing trip this time. I'll bet he intends to go to Hog Island and try and find the treasure. Expects to steal a march on us."

"I'll bet you're right," replied Tom with an anxious look. "Looks as if we're going to be up against it. Kattcher carries a crew of four. Then there'll be himself, Fawls and Moses. That

will be seven against us two. Pretty big odds."

"What are you talking about, Tom?" asked Ruby, rather puzzled.

"I'll tell you," he replied, and then he told her all about the treasure supposed to be buried on Hog Island at the northern end of the lake; how Jack Tobin, the sailor who had been washed ashore from the wreck of the "Windy City," had possessed the knowledge of its whereabouts, and had committed the information to paper, the better to remember it; how Kattcher and Fawls knew about the paper and had practically murdered Tobin on the shore in order to get possession of it; how he and Nat had reached the spot in time to prevent them from succeeding; how the dying sailor had given it to him as a legacy; how the two rascals had subsequently made several attempts to get the paper away from him, and had succeeded once, and how by good luck he had recovered it from them. Ruby listened in great astonishment to his story.

"Now, Ruby, Nat and I are preparing to go to Hog Island in my sloop to dig up this treasure if it is really there. According to the information you have just brought us Kattcher and Fawls are evidently about to set out for the same place on a similar mission. Since they have not been able to secure the paper, and having some idea of its contents from having had it awhile in their possession, they intend to try and get ahead of me by going to Hog Island at once and hunting for the money box. So you see, little girl, there's going to be trouble over that treasure."

"Oh, Tom, I hope not," replied Ruby anxiously.

"There's bound to be. Kattcher and Fawls are determined to get hold of that money, for there is supposed to be \$100,000 in French gold coin in the box, and that's a big fortune. Now I'm equally determined to prevent them from robbing me of my legacy, and Nat is ready to stand by me to the last gasp, aren't you Nat?"

"Bet your life I am," replied the lightkeeper's son in a determined tone.

"That means that we will fight Kattcher and Fawls to the limit if we have to."

"Oh, Tom," she cried tearfully, "you must not put your life in danger."

"Danger or no danger, Kattcher and Fawls are not going to get away with the treasure if we can prevent it in any way whatever, you may depend on that."

"Are you going to sail for the island today?" Ruby asked earnestly.

"We are. Just as soon as we can get away. I hope that Kattcher won't suspect that we've gone on the treasure hunt, for in that case he'd be on the lookout for us. If we can get there ahead of him it would please me immensely; but I'm afraid we'll not be able to beat him, for the 'Pandora' is said to be a right smart sailer. If he does beat us it may amount to nothing in the end, if he can't remember the directions given on the paper for the finding of the money-box. If we can land on the island without Kattcher or Fawls finding the fact out, it may give us the chance to surprise them in the act of lifting the treasure. A great deal will depend on luck so far as we are concerned, for the 'Pandora' party will have the advantage of numbers. The stake

is well worth fighting for, and both sides mean business."

"You will take good care of yourself, won't you, Tom?" begged Ruby.

"Sure. I'd be a fool if I didn't. Are you off?"

"Yes. I've got lots to do at the cottage before I go aboard the sloop."

"Do you know what time in the morning the 'Pandora' is going to leave?"

"Nine or ten o'clock, I think."

"We'll be off inside of an hour. That will give us a good start. I don't believe Kattcher can reach the island before us. If we could only have two or three hours to work in before the 'Pandora' gets there I'll bet we'd get the money all right." Ruby hurried away as she was afraid that Moses would miss her and come looking for her, and the boys were left to complete their preparations.

"Kattcher and Fawles aren't letting any grass grow under their feet in their efforts to secure the treasure, are they, Nat?" said Tom.

"I should say not. It's a good thing that Ruby came over and let us know that the 'Pandora' is about to sail. Otherwise we would be in danger of getting trapped. Now we know what we have to expect, so we can be on our guard. I'm going to borrow Jud Wicker's revolver and a box of cartridges to make this warm for the 'Pandora' crowd," said Nat.

"With the start we'll have we should easily reach Hog Island ahead of the big sloop, that is, if we have luck. Kattcher will have one great advantage over us—he knows just where the island is and can lay his course direct, while we'll have to hug the coast up to Cross village, inquiring our way, before we can use the course to the island mentioned by Tobin, which is W. N. W. from the village, a distance of seventeen miles."

Knowing that every moment was precious in this race for the treasure, Tom and Nat rushed their departure. Everything was ready by four o'clock, and they set sail from the cove, heading out into the bay to get a good offing before passing the entrance to Gosport Inlet. They had a good breeze in their favor and the little sloop bowled along with a bone in her teeth, as sailors say in referring to the foam when it dashes from the cutwater of any craft.

Ten miles north was the small town of Franklin, and here Tom proposed to put in and ask for information about Cross village and Hog Island, which he didn't care to do in Gosport, lest his inquiries reach the ears of Kattcher. The sloop made the run to Franklin in a little over an hour, and at half-past five she was alongside a big schooner and Tom was talking to her mate. Tom learned that Hog Island was about 100 miles from Franklin as the crow flies. The mate took him down into the cabin and produced a chart of the lake.

"The shortest course you can take to reach Hog Island is to follow the shore to Clark's Point, five miles north, then lay your course N. N. E. till you sight the southern point of South Manitou Island," said the mate of the schooner, pointing the island out on the chart. "That's a run of about twenty miles. Then after your course to E. N. E. till you bring North Manitou, this island, on your port quarter. When you are

clear of North Manitou change your course to N. N. E. again. A straight run of forty miles will bring you within sight of Beaver Island. With the southern shore of Beaver Island bearing due west about three miles distant turn your sloop's head to the north and Hog Island is straight ahead about fifteen miles away. There it is. Take a good look at the map and note down what I have told you, and you ought to reach your destination without any great trouble."

"It will be dark before we can sight South Manitou. How will I recognize the island?" asked Tom.

"You don't need to if you have an accurate idea of your craft's speed with the present wind abeam, provided it holds."

"About ten miles an hour."

"Very good. Then you'll be safe to change your course at the end of two hours after leaving Clark's point. Half an hour later you should see the North Manitou Light bearing on your port bow. After you have brought it well abeam you will be in a position to run for Beaver Island."

Tom studied the matter out as well as he could, asked a number of more questions which the mate answered good naturedly, noted down everything so that he would make no mistake, and then, after thanking the schooner's officer, returned aboard the sloop, where he found that Nat had employed the time in preparing supper. Tom headed the sloop up the shore for Clark's Point, eating his supper while he sat at the helm. It took forty minutes to come abreast of the point, and then Tom altered his course for South Manitou Island.

They passed the Manitous and set off for Hog Island, forty miles away. It was now about ten o'clock and the two boys took turns at the helm during the night and at nine o'clock next day came close to Hog Island. The boys scanned the shore of the island for the Frenchman's shanty, but saw nothing of it.

"Hallo, isn't that a house yonder?" exclaimed Nat, pointing towards the shore of the bay.

"I believe it is," answered Tom, turning the sloop's head straight for the beach, where they could now distinguish a hut down by the shore.

CHAPTER XIV.—Finding the treasure.

As the sloop neared the beach they could see the building quite plain. Tom spied a little creek running into the shore and guided the boat into it.

"Take in the jib and drop the mainsail," he said, and Nat hastened to do it. The sloop ran right into a mass of everhanging grass and vegetation where the bank rose several feet on either side, and with the sails down she lay in the creek as snug as a bug in a rug, as the expression is, and with only her bare mast and scant rigging showing, was not likely to be noticed many yards from her anchorage. The boys jumped ashore, Nat with the painter, which he made fast to a tree.

"Now we'll investigate the hut," said Tom. The building was less than a quarter of a mile from the creek, and toward it they at once directed their steps. It was a small, roughly constructed dwelling, built of planed boards, the roof, which

was somewhat peaked, being well protected from the weather by asphaltum cloth, strips of which were tacked over the cracks between all the boards forming the front, back and sides. The framework of the doorway was made in regular carpenterd style, which could also be said of two small windows on either side of it, both the door and window sashes being regulation ones, and working on hinges.

Apparently the house had been built, without having been put together, by a master carpenter, and had then been brought to the island by the Frenchman and by him erected where it stood. There was no lock on the door, a simple latch holding it shut. In the inside were two stout bolts, and each window had a small bolt. The house consisted of only one room, floored with boards, raised a few inches from the ground, and a trench was dug all around the building to keep the rain from making its way under the flooring.

The furniture consisted of a small iron bed with a mattress and bedclothes, a small cook stove, a rocking-chair and a plain chair, a deal table equipped with a drawer in which the boys found a small collection of knives, forks and spoons. A good-sized cupboard fastened to the wall held all the necessary crockery that the occupant was likely to use in many years. A good assortment of agateware pots and pans was suspended in the corner where the stove stood, together with other articles essential to housekeeping, including a couple of flatirons.

There were several tin pans, one large enough for a person to wash clothes in, and in fact no convenience that a man would need in that out-of-the-way place had been omitted. A thick rug that fitted the floor exactly covered the boards, and a wide piece of zinc stood under the stove and kept the ashes and sparks from the rug. A clock that had run down stood on one of the shelves, flanked by the photographs of an elderly man and woman. Another pair of shelves were filled with standard and scientific works, in the French language mostly. A double-barreled shotgun hung over the head of the bed, and underneath it was a crucifix.

"This old chap had quite a comfortable den, all right," said Nat after they had inspected the cabin both inside and out. "I guess he enjoyed himself after his own fashion, and didn't care for company. The disadvantage of his location when he got seriously sick was that he couldn't send for a physician to treat him, and that's why he turned up his toes before he expected to do so."

"Well, we can't waste any more time here," said Tom, getting the paper out of his pocket. "We want to look the treasure up right away."

"That's right," admitted Nat, following his companion outside.

"The money-box is buried at the foot of an old oak tree, thirty paces due east from the northeast corner of the cabin. It is four feet below the surface. That's the northeast corner. You'll have to run back to the sloop and get the compass so we can get the direction exactly."

"How do you s'pose Tobin got it without a compass?"

"By the help of the sun when it was rising, I suppose; but if there's more than one oak tree thirty paces away he probably had to dig more

than once before he struck the right spot. He had plenty of time to investigate, while time is precious with us." Nat hurried back to the sloop and brought the compass.

When they started to measure off thirty paces due east they found the job out of the question, as the ground in that direction was thickly covered with trees. They made several trials, but couldn't possibly keep to their course and at the same time get the measurement any where exact.

"Looks as if we're up against a big difficulty," said Nat. Tom stopped and considered the matter.

"I'll tell you how we'll do it, and it must be the way Jack Tobin got around it. I'll measure off thirty paces on the level ground in front of the house. Then we will take a rope and measure off the space on it. We'll anchor one end at the corner of the house and with the compass to guide us we'll carry the rope between the trees, making allowance for any space lost, which won't be much," said Tom.

"That's just the thing. You've got a great head, Tom. We'll do it. I saw a coil of line in the cabin that I guess will answer the purpose," said Nat. Tom drove a stake at a certain spot, walked thirty paces and drove another. Then while Nat held one end of the line he found in the cabin, Tom measured it off.

When he reached the second stake he found to his surprise that the rope just fitted. Then it struck him that this was the line used by Jack Tobin, possibly also by the dead Frenchman when he buried his treasure. He called Nat's attention to the fact and his companion agreed with him. There was a loop in one end of the line, and the boys found a stake driven into the earth on the edge of the trench at the northeast corner of the cabin.

"That stake was put there to hold the rope," said Tom, dropping the loop over it and laying the compass down. "It strikes me that Kattcher and Fawls would have some difficulty in finding the money-box if they had got here ahead of us, even if they remembered the directions on the paper."

"Bet your life they would. What time do you s'pose it is now?"

"It's after twelve o'clock."

"That's what I thought, for I'm feeling pesky hungry."

"We will omit dinner until we get hold of the treasure," said Tom. "We have no time to spare. The 'Pandora' is already several hours on her way, and we want to get away from this island, if we can, before she gets here." They proceeded to carry the line in an easterly direction through the wood, and finally reached the end of the line, which brought them close to several oak trees bunched together.

"Now, which of these trees is the right one?" asked Nat.

"Go back to the sloop and bring the shovel and the implements for breaking open the box, and while you're gone I'll examine the ground and see if I can tell where it has been lately disturbed—that is, within a month or so," said Tom. Nat rushed off, and Tom, picking up a piece of wood, began punching it into the earth in front of the trees. While he was doing this he noticed that one of the oaks had a gash in it. Believing

that was significant he prodded the earth around this one and noticed that the stick entered the earth more easily there than at any other spot.

"This is the tree, I'll bet a hat," he said, and he sat down to await Nat's return. His companion wasn't long, and Tom, seizing the shovel from his hand, began to dig like a good fellow.

"Think that's the spot, do you?" said Nat.

"Yes. See how easy the earth turns up. Then do you notice that gash in the trunk of the oak? I'll bet Jack Tobin made that so he'd recognize the tree when he came back here prepared to carry the money away," replied Tom. After working away for about a quarter of an hour Tom turned the job over to Nat for a spell. Alternately they worked away, sweating like coal heavers, for the deep they went into the ground the more excited they became at the prospect of striking the box.

"We're down nearly four feet now," said Tom as he took Nat's place and shoved his shovel deep into the earth. It struck against something that resisted the edge. In a few minutes he uncovered a bit of weed, and as soon as he threw more of the earth out more of the wood showed with a part of a brass band. Tom worked away rapidly until he had exposed the whole of the top of a brass-bound chest, then he let Nat dig the earth from around the sides and ends, which took time.

"Go back to the house and unloosen that line. Maybe we can lift the box out of the hole. If it's too heavy we'll have to dig a lot of the earth away from the front of it before we'll be able to break open the top." Nat went back and released the loop from the stake. Then they ran the line through one of the handles and tried to lift it, but they couldn't budge it a bit.

"How the dickens did that Frenchman bring it here and bury it? It's heavy enough for at least four men to lift," said Nat.

"He must have brought his gold in small boxes, and the brass-bound box empty or filled with clothes. After he dug the hole and buried the box he put the gold into it, locked it and covered it up with earth." They had to spend another half-hour digging the earth away from in front of the box, and then there was a space enough for one person to get at the chest freely.

It took half an hour to break open the lid of the box with tools adapted for the purpose, and then Tom threw up the cover, revealing the treasure—ten fat-looking bags, evidently full of coined money, for the round impressions of the coin could be seen against the cloth of the bags.

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

Nat gave a wild yell on seeing the bags of money, while Tom felt like whooping things up himself.

"Catch," he said, grabbing a bag and tossing it up to Nat.

"Gee! But those bags are heavy," said Nat. "How much gold do you suppose is in them?"

"How should I know? Wait till we count one."

"How are we going to count it? We don't know the value of French money."

"I'll bet we'll be able to make a good guess at it." Tom threw out the bags one by one until

ten rested on the turf and the chest was empty.

"Ten bags," he said. "That means that there's the equivalent of \$10,000 in each bag, if there is \$100,000 altogether."

"That's right," replied Nat.

"Two is about all we can carry at a time," said Tom. "Pick up a couple and follow me." He led the way to the sloop and they stowed the bags in a locker under one of the berths. On the third trip Tom fetched the last two bags while Nat brought the compass, shovel and other tools.

"It's about four o'clock now," said Tom. "I don't believe the 'Pandora' will get here before dark. We'll get our dinner and after that start for home."

"I'll do the cooking," volunteered Nat. While Nat was busy about the little stove in the forepeak Tom revisited the Frenchman's cabin.

"I guess I'll take possession of that shotgun. If I don't somebody aboard the 'Pandora' will get away with it." On a shelf close by he found a box full of loaded cartridges, probably filled with buckshot, and behind it a loaded revolver and cartridges to fit it. He carried both the weapons and all the cartridges back to the sloop, where he found a meal of bacon and eggs nearly ready for consumption. The boys ate leisurely and talked about the treasure.

"One of those bags is yours, Nat," said Tom. "If that isn't enough you can have two. We're chums and nothing is too good for you."

"Thanks, Tom. I'm more than satisfied with one bag. Why, that's \$10,000! I don't know what I'll do with so much money. I don't believe dad ever owned half of \$10,000 in all his life. I guess I can consider myself rich. Now that you own \$90,000 I suppose you'll quit Gosport and go to some big place like Chicago. I should like to go with you, for I'd feel lonesome at the lighthouse after you went away."

"Oh, I don't know what I'll do. I'll have to consider that after we get back. Come, now, we'll wash the dishes up and then haul the sloop out of the creek. It is getting on to sundown."

"Gee! There'll be something doing when Kattcher and Fawls get here and discover that the treasure has been lifted," grinned Nat, as they were washing up the dinner things. "Captain Kattcher can swear some when he gets going."

"The 'Pandora' is not likely to get here till after dark, so that Kattcher and the lawyer will hardly find out what has happened until tomorrow morning. By that time we ought to be back at Gosport," said Tom. In a few minutes Tom stepped ashore to untie the sloop's painter from the tree. Happening to glance out over the water he saw something that made him gasp. There was the "Pandora," under full sail, coming into the wide bay.

Tom jumped aboard and carried the news to Nat. The lightkeeper's son nearly had a fit when he heard that the "Pandora" was close at hand. The boys watched the "Pandora" come to anchor in about the center of the bay, half a mile from shore. After her sails were lowered a boat was dropped into the water and Kattcher, accompanied only by Peter Fawls and Moses, put for the beach, at a point opposite the house, which Kattcher had, no doubt, made out through his telescope, if he was not already acquainted with its situation.

Tom and Nat lined the high bank of the little

creek. After beaching the rowboat the two men, followed by Moses, went directly toward the Frenchman's cabin. Tom and Nat saw them enter the building and after remaining a few minutes come out again and go around to the rear.

"I'll bet they're going to look up that oak tree where they suppose the money-box is buried," said Tom. "They're almost sure to find the hole with the empty box beside it, and then there'll be a rumpus."

"We'd better get our guns out and be prepared for trouble," replied Nat. They loaded the shotgun, and with the three revolvers had quite an arsenal for defensive purposes.

"Say, Tom," said Nat, "I think it wouldn't be a bad idea to pull out of the creek while Kattcher is ashore. There is no one to notice us but the fishermen on board the 'Pandora,' and they won't do anything but look at us. The sloop is anchored, and before Kattcher gets wise to the situation we'll be able to get a good start. Even if he starts in chase as soon as he returns aboard the sloop he won't be able to overhaul us before dark, and we ought to be able to give him the slip in the gloom of night."

Tom considered Nat's suggestion a few moments and agreed to put it in force. So the painter was cast off and the two boys pushed the boat down the creek to the bay and then rushed the jib and mainsail up. The wind caught the canvas and with Tom at the helm the little sloop started out into the lake. The fishermen lounging on the "Pandora's" deck of course saw Tom's craft, but its presence there had no significance to them. The little sloop was out of the bay and headed south toward home before Kattcher, Fawls and Moses reappeared on the beach.

They had discovered that the treasure had been dug up, and the two rascals were wild with rage and disappointment. When they returned to the "Pandora" one of the men told the skipper about the small sloop that had just sailed away from the shore. Kattcher's suspicions were instantly aroused. He judged that Tom Rockwood and the treasure were aboard the little craft, and he ordered the anchor hauled up at once.

Tom's boat was still in full view when the "Pandora," under full sail, gave chase. Tom and Nat watched the oncoming "Pandora" with anxious eyes. Darkness still seemed a long way off, and only under the cover of darkness could they expect to escape without a scrap of some kind. As darkness was shrouding the face of the lake the "Pandora" crawled up within easy speaking distance.

"Heave to, Tom Rockwood!" roared Batt Kattcher, standing forward near the heel of the bowsprit. "Heave to, or I'll fire on you!" He raised a navy revolver as he spoke and covered Tom. Nat, who had gone into the little cabin, appeared at the door, raised the shotgun and pulled both triggers in rapid succession. The skipper of the "Pandora" threw up his hands with a hoarse cry and fell to the deck. Three of the fishermen crew rushed forward, and picking him up bore him aft to the cabin.

"You'll pay for that, you young villains!" shouted Peter Fawls, shaking his fist at the two boys. The "Pandora" was head straight for the little sloop.

"They mean to run us down!" cried Tom, alter-

ing his course so as to come around on the other tack. Nat, whose blood was up, thrust two more buckshot cartridges into the shotgun and aimed at the helmsman as the swung around.

"Keep away or I'll fill you full of holes!" he shouted. The startled fisherman obeyed, for he saw that Nat meant business. The lawyer yelled at him to come around and follow Tom's boat, but the steersman refused to take orders from him. As the only man in authority lay wounded in the cabin, and was not in condition to give orders just then, the "Pandora" kept straight on, and disappeared in the darkness. Tom then resumed his course southward, and the boys congratulated themselves on having eluded the enemy.

When the sun rose they were many miles south of the Manitou Islands and off the fishing grounds Tom was accustomed to visit. Knowing exactly where he was Tom ran at once for Gosport and arrived about nine o'clock. The money-bags were removed to the lighthouse, and the boys told their story to Obadiah Wills. After dinner the light-keeper sent to the village for a horse and wagon, and drove Tom, Nat and the money to Eastlake, where the coin was deposited with the bank at its proper valuation in American money.

After deducting the bag he had given Nat, Tom's fortune footed up \$90,250. A month later, he left the village, after presenting his boat to Nat, and went to Chicago, where he entered a big business college. He was called back to Eastlake a few weeks afterward to testify at the trial of Batt Kattcher and Peter Fawls. Both men were convicted on the evidence given by Tom and Nat, and were sent to the penitentiary for twenty years. Tom then returned to Chicago and in the course of a year went into business for himself.

Ruby Rand, at his request, came to Chicago, and he sent her to school. Afterward he sent her to a girl's college where she remained four years, and graduated a very accomplished young lady. She was now twenty and Tom twenty-three, so there is nothing surprising in the fact that soon after her graduation Tom married her and installed her as mistress of a very comfortable home in Englewood, in the suburbs.

Tom's business thrived and he is now worth twice the sum of money that came to him through Jack Tobin's death. But neither he nor his pretty wife can ever forget how his start in life was made through a waif's legacy, which made a poor boy rich.

Next week's issue will contain "FIGHTING THE MONEY KINGS; OR THE LITTLE SPECULATOR OF WALL STREET."

SOLDIERS' UMBRELLAS

About 8,500 Chinese umbrellas were shipped from Peking for the use of the Kiangsu soldiers in the fighting in the Shanghai district. Witnesses say that one soldier digs trenches while another holds an umbrella over him, and marching soldiers, in couples, take turns at carrying umbrellas.

WILL, THE WAGON BOY

or, The Diamonds that Came by Express

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued)

Doctor Pajaro must have known of this, and counted upon it, for he dodged in through the basement door of the first of the row.

"Look out for the beams that you don't slip between them," he breathed, for there was no floor.

Here they stood huddled together in the shadows.

In a minute the man with the slouch hat hurried past the door, peering right and left.

"We've got him if we are quick," whispered the doctor. "You will have to walk the beams, though."

He pushed through to the rear, Will following.

There was no fence—the vacant lots stretched through to Jersey avenue.

Running like a deer, the doctor gained the street he had left.

A car going downtown was just approaching, and he and Will sprang upon it and were hurried back in the direction from which they had come.

Looking back, they saw the tall man running across lots.

He waved his hand and whistled shrilly for the car to stop.

The conductor raised his hand to pull the bell-cord when the doctor seized his arm, saying:

"My friend, it will be worth just five dollars for you not to pull that bell!"

"Done!" said the conductor. "I don't pull."

Reaching the station, Doctor Pajaro bought tickets for New York via the New Jersey Central, as there was a train due in less than three minutes.

It came, and Will and his strange companion were whirled away without seeing anything more of the big man with the slouch hat.

In due time they reached the foot of Liberty street.

Doctor Pajaro turned down West street, and turned up Albany.

They were now close to Allen's Express stable, and in the notorious Syrian quarter of New York.

"Doctor," whispered Will, "everyone knows me here. See, there's my old stable where I kept the wagon. Can't we go through some other street?"

"No," said the doctor, "because this is the street we want. The house we are going to is the one next to your old stable, Will."

It began to grow plain. Will knew the house well. It was a resort for sailors who were certainly not white.

Kept by an old Lascar, here the Lascars and Hindus coming to New York from the East on English tramp steamers were in the habit of staying while in port.

Will had seen them going in and out many a time, and he had often spoken to the man who

kept the place, who was known to the boys in the neighborhood as "Mr. Bum."

"Doctor, it won't do," he whispered. "That man knows me well."

"It must do," replied the doctor, hurrying on. "All you have got to do is to keep your mouth shut. Remember, Will, you can't speak my language. You will have to be deaf and dumb. Mind now that your face don't betray you. Remember that, no matter what happens, you are to give no sign of being able to hear."

They had reached "Mr. Bum's" now, and the doctor, opening the door of the dirty saloon which occupied the ground floor of the old building, drew Will inside.

The place was so filled with smoke that for the moment Will could discern nothing. Then he saw that a number of coffee-colored seamen were sitting at a table and standing around, and there was "Mr. Bum" himself behind the bar.

The moment he caught sight of the doctor he threw up his hands and called out some unintelligible words.

Instantly every man in the place, including "Mr. Bum" himself, turned and bowed low to Doctor Pajaro and Will.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Bum, the Fakir.

Will had now entered upon as strange an experience as ever befell a boy in New York, it is safe to say; and perhaps the strangest part of it was the fact that he was at the time destined to understand little of what it all meant.

As has been stated, the first thing that struck him was the intense respect shown to Dr. Pajaro by all the Hindu sailors.

Evidently Mr. Bum had been informed them of his rank, and to Will it was equally evident that the doctor's claim that he was one of the hereditary princes of India was quite true.

Having bowed to the doctor, the sailors remained standing while he spoke a few hurried words in his own language to Mr. Bum, who answered him with equal brevity.

Will now began to feel more secure, for nobody paid particular attention to him. In fact, Mr. Bum scarcely glanced at him as he hurriedly left the saloon, and Will began to feel more respect for his disguise than he had at the outset.

The doctor now moved about among the sailors, speaking to each one in turn. His remarks, whatever they may have been, were received with the most profound respect. It was perfectly evident that all felt highly honored by his presence.

In a moment Mr. Bum appeared, accompanied by a young man whom Will had always taken to be a colored person, and whom he had often spoken with.

The young man scarcely looked at him as he took his place behind the bar.

Mr. Bum then motioned to the doctor, and they were led to the top floor of the old house, and ushered into a room which was a surprise to Will. He had never dreamed that such elegance could be hidden behind those shabby old walls.

The room, which was in the back of the house, was hung with heavy curtains of real Eastern make; a soft Persian rug covered the floor, and

the place was lighted by a large gilded lamp, studded with glittering gems of various colors. At one side of the room, near a low, inlaid table, gaily colored silk cushions were arranged in the form of a sort of divan, and here the doctor seated himself, crossing his legs in Oriental style.

Now began a pantomime which was kept up to the end.

The doctor had posted Will in regard to it just before they entered the saloon.

He made signs to Will to sit beside him, and then pretended to talk with his fingers, and Will went through the pretence of answering him.

It appeared to deceive Mr. Bum completely; the gestures of course, meant nothing at all.

The doctor kept this up for a minute, and then Mr. Bum left the room.

"You are doing first-rate," whispered the doctor. "Now, Will, listen to me. I must speak quick, before that man returns. You have heard of the fakirs of India and their wonderful doings, of course?"

Unfortunately, Will had never heard of them. His idea of a fakir was a man who peddled worthless goods on Fulton street.

"Never mind," said the doctor. "You will find out what I mean before we get through, and I will explain later. Now I want you to take off all your clothes and tie the white cloth which old Bumjado will bring you around your waist. Do not hesitate. There are reasons for this which I cannot explain. No harm shall come to you. All that is to be done here to-night is absolutely necessary in order that we may get a clue to the diamonds and incidentally to the murder of Karl Kutter, which, if we are successful, may help you out. Watch the pictures, and remember what you see, for it may prove of the highest importance. One thing above all others, do not be afraid. Strange as these things may appear to you, they are only a species of mind-reading—thought transference, so to speak; hypnotism, if you like the word better, and—but here he comes! Now you are dumb again, and must remain so until we have finished with Bumjado, the fakir. It won't take very long. Now you can begin to undress, and now you understand why I went to so much trouble to stain your body the same color as your face."

A pattering of bare feet had been heard in the hall outside, and now Mr. Bum entered and locked the door behind him.

He had removed all his clothes, and was entirely naked except for a snow-white cloth tied about his loins.

In one hand he carried a small basket; in the other a sort of tripod of brass.

This he placed near the divan bowing low before the doctor as he did so.

Then, squatting down before it, he proceeded to open the basket, taking out first a bronze bowl, which he placed in the ring of the tripod, which it perfectly fitted; next came a strip of white cloth, which he handed to Will.

The doctor then did more fake finger talk. Will nodded and, having removed his clothes, tied this about his waist.

He was beginning to grow intensely interested in the whole affair.

Probably to a certain extent the wagon boy was hypnotized by Doctor Pajaro; at all events

from that time forward he had no other idea than to do just as he was told.

The fakir then proceeded to business.

Taking a curiously carved bamboo flask from the basket, he shook a quantity of white powder into the bronze dish and then poured a greenish liquid upon it.

Immediately flames shot up of a deep lurid red; they flickered, rose and fell for a few moments and then settled down into a steady light.

Will standing on one side of the tripod and the fakir on the other, both watched the light, while Doctor Pajaro, rolling a cigarette into which he sprinkled a grayish powder, began to smoke. A delicious odor soon filled the room, but whether it came from the smoke or the flame in the dish Will could not tell.

Many moments passed and profound silence reigned.

At last the fakir, turning to his basket again, produced three tiny bronze boxes, which he opened in turn, taking from each a pinch of some kind of powder, which he dropped into the blazing dish.

At the first application the flame turned a vivid green, at the second it assumed a purplish hue; but when the third pinch of powder dropped into the dish it became white and remained so.

It was almost as white as the electric arc light, and yet there was no glare, and Will could look at it with the greatest ease.

The fakir now began to talk, and Doctor Pajaro followed suit.

It was like responses in church. First Mr. Bum muttered a few words, then the doctor answered with others. This lasted nearly a quarter of an hour, during which time Will never removed his eyes from that soft, white light, which had come to have a peculiar fascination for him. It just seemed as if he could not look away from it no matter how hard he tried.

The responses having ended at last, music added to the solemnity of the scene.

The fakir, again applying himself to his basket, produced a little flageolet, and squatting down before the tripod began to play. The music was soft and weird, and as it rose and fell Will found himself growing sleepy.

It grew harder and harder to watch the flame, but he did his best to keep his eyes open, and after it was all over he felt sure that he had succeeded.

Whether he did or not was a question. The probabilities are that he slept, and that what he thought he saw—in fact, most of what happened after that sense of drowsiness came creeping over him—all a dream.

Be this as it may, however, we can only describe these strange pictures which appeared in the light just as Will remembered them afterward.

Such doings as we are describing are termed "White Magic" in India.

Actually they are nothing but hypnotism, mind-reading, thought transfer, all of which so long misunderstood by science, is now beginning to be better comprehended. That such things are actually done in India and with wonderful results no intelligent person can deny.

(To be continued)

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

POST OFFICE PER SQUARE MILE

According to a compilation just completed by the Post Office Department, every fifty-eight square miles of area in the United States has a Post Office.

IN SIAM'S JUNGLE

The Diard fire-backed pheasant is largely gray, varied with black, white and chestnut, with a shining gold back and bronze red rump, says Nature Magazine. The bird inhabits Siam and French Indo-China. Here it lives in bamboo thickets and jungles.

PORT OF SHANGHAI

Shanghai, in point of arrivals and clearances of ships, has become the second greatest port of the world, declares Captain Robert Dollar, President of the Dollar Steamship Company, who recently completed a 30,000 mile trip around the globe. New York, of course, is the world's first port.

BANK DEPOSITS

New York banks hold more than \$5,000,000 in deposits for which there are no claimants. The deposits run from a few thousand dollars in small banks to several hundreds of thousands in large savings institutions.

DETECTIVE 28 YEARS

Mrs. Oscar Seaholm, the only woman to become a first-grade detective in the New York Police Department, has asked permission to go on the retired list, after serving twenty-eight years in the department.

RESOURCEFUL COP THROWS 12-FOOT SNAKE FROM "L" STATION IN LONG ISLAND CITY

Now, if you were a cop, cold sober, and some one told you that there was a burlap bag wriggling around the platform of the Washington Avenue I. R. T. elevated station in Long Island City, N. Y., and you went there and opened it and

found a snake with a head as big as a cat's, what would you do?

Patrolman Clarence Weaver of the Astoria Precinct answered that problem recently. First, he tied up the sack again and, secondly he heaved it into the street, thirty-five feet below. What a thirty-five foot drop does to a snake is just what Weaver expected. It kills the snake.

A police flivver then took the snake, still in its burlap shroud, to the station house, where a dozen cops, with a foot rule, found it to be twelve feet long. They decided it was a boa constrictor and hung it by the tail from a tree in the station house yard.

The agent at the Washington Avenue station had been told by outgoing passengers of the sack's strange movements on the platform and he decided it was a case for a policeman to use his horse sense.

Weaver poked it with his night stick when he arrived and then cautiously peeked inside. What he thought when he saw the beady eyes and the sinuous tan and black checkered body is not recorded, but what he did establish was a police precedent for snake killing.

LAUGHS

Crawford—How is it you let your wife have her own way? Crabshaw—I once tried to stop her.

"How are you feeling today?" asked the physician. And the man with the gout murmured, painfully: "I can't kick, doctor."

"Didn't you see me wave at you?" asked the traffic cop. "I sure did," said the lady from the country, "and if my husband had been with me you'd have had him to lick, you fresh thing!"

"What does 'silent partner' mean?" asked young Harold. "Don't ask me," replied his father. "I've been married twenty-two years, and I don't know."

Jim Thompson's car skidded forty feet and was hub deep in the ploughed field when another car stopped and somebody yelled: "Have an accident?" "No," retorted Jib. "My engine died and I'm getting ready to bury it!"

Bill Suggs will smoke no more, nor yet
Feel nicotine's temptation;
He lit his final cigarette;
While in a filling station.

Teacher—What did Sir Walter Raleigh say when he placed his cloak on the muddy road for his beautiful queen to walk over? Willie (whose older brother owns a sport roadster)—Step on it, kid!

"Mary, will ye look across th' airshaft now at the pitcher of ice water the Hanrahans have in the windy?" "It ain't ice at all. It's nothing but a chunk of glass. Oh, the hypockresy of some people that wants to put on style when they ain't got the price!"

RORY REDMOND'S PRIZE

By Alexander Armstrong

"Surely, Rory, ye are not going to cross the mountain way this ugly night?"

"Why not, man?"

"Why, man alive, sure the mountain has a bad name of late, and you will have to pass the lonely graveyard besides."

"I don't know anything about the bad name it has, and I don't care much, either, but I do know that it is five or six miles nearer to my home, and I am going to take it. As for the graveyard, I never harmed any of the dead there, and I am sure they won't hurt me."

Thus spoke Rory Redmond, as fine a young fellow as you could see in the county of Wexford, where the bravest of the Irish patriots fought and fell in the dark days of '98.

The first speaker was the landlord of the village tavern at the foot of a dark mountain, and Rory had stopped there for supper at a late hour on a certain night.

The young man was in the act of mounting a large, powerful farm horse standing outside the door, and the man of the house was bidding him good-night.

Rory Redmond pushed on fearlessly up the mountain side as he said to himself:

"I wonder if Jerry Murphy could have any special reason for warning me not to come this way tonight? I did hear that some of the boys from the village came up here to drill at night, but sure they would not offer to touch one who is heart and soul with them, like me. Take it easy, Tidy, up the hill, and I will let you go faster when we get to the top."

The old graveyard of the mountain stood about half a mile beyond them at the left side of the path, and Rory could already perceive the headstones in the distance.

The young man was peering forward at the moment, when he suddenly drew his horse up a little as he exclaimed:

"By all that's wonderful, there is something wrong going on over there, and I'll see what it is."

Striking his horse with the whip, the brave young fellow urged the animal on as fearlessly as his fathers before him charged against the English bayonets on that same hill.

Still keeping his eyes fixed on the graveyard, Rory could perceive three dark forms moving around in a corner, while a cry fell on his ears.

Into the graveyard he dashed, and then another cry fell on his ears, but it was far more subdued than those he had heard before.

Rory could then clearly perceive three men standing over a grave, and another form stretched on the ground near them. Grasping his whip all the tighter, the brave young fellow forced his horse over some graves directly at the three men, as he yelled aloud:

"What are you up to there, you rascals?"

The men appeared to notice the horseman for the first time, and they all turned on the instant, one of them raising a spade as if to defend himself.

The man with the spade aimed a blow at Rory, but the active young fellow warded it off with his

heavy whip, and then let fly at the fellow, as he cried:

"Take that, and there is plenty more for the others."

The blows struck by Rory staggered the man who held the spade, and he fell over a small tombstone, only to spring to his feet again and dart away after the others as he cried:

"It is the black horseman himself."

Rory was about to gallop after the three men, when a groan fell on his ears, and on turning his eyes on the ground he perceived a female form close to his horse's feet.

"Gracious goodness! it is a young girl, and is it possible that the villains were going to bury her alive?"

Dropping his whip in the excitement of the moment, the young man raised the girl in his arms, and felt her hands and cheeks as he muttered aloud:

"She has fainted now in earnest, and no wonder! If she had a shroud on I would say that they dug her out of the grave, and that she woke up out of a trance, but that can't be! Oh, isn't she as pretty as ever I laid my eyes on in my life!"

There was light enough at the time for Rory to observe the pale, delicate features of the beautiful girl, whose long dark hair fell in ringlets over her shoulders.

Without hesitating a moment, the young man cast his eyes around him, and then gained the saddle, still clasping the girl with one arm, as he muttered aloud:

"Whoever she is, this is no place for her on such a wild night, and I'll take her home whatever happens."

Rory Redmond then turned the horse out toward the mountain path.

"This is a queer adventure entirely, and I hope in goodness the poor thing won't die before I get her to the house, for she's awfully pale and still now."

On gaining the valley below the young horseman pushed straight across the country, facing the powerful horse over the ditches and fences that came in their way.

The young girl was still insensible when they reached his mother's comfortable farmhouse, where the kind old lady was sitting up for her only son.

Great was Mrs. Redmond's surprise on beholding the fair young girl in her son's arms, but Rory stopped all her exclamations by crying:

"Tend to her at once, mother, as she is in a faint or a swoon, and I will tell all about her after. I'll ride to the village for the doctor."

It was quite late on the following morning when the fair creature awoke from that profound sleep, when she stared around for a moment, and then burst out into wild ravings.

A burning fever followed, during which the strange girl continued to rave and moan, but those who watched her with the greatest care could not comprehend a sentence uttered by her. For nine days and nights Rory Redmond and his good mother watched over the beautiful stranger, the doctor of the village waiting on her in the meantime.

On the day after that eventful night the young man rode up to the mountain graveyard with the inspector of police, and there they found the open

grave with the spade and Rory's whip lying near it. Search was then made for the three men, advertisements were inserted in the city papers, and handbills were also issued, yet no trace could be found of the strangers who appeared on the mountain, and no clue could be discovered as to the identity of the handsome girl.

Seven nights after the crisis had passed the young girl looked up at Mrs. Redmond, and inquired, in gentle tones:

"Where am I, good woman?"

"You are with friends," was the quiet answer.

"Didn't I see a young man about here lately?"

"You did; my dear, and you will see him again, but don't talk too much now."

At that moment loud voices were heard in the outside room, and a look of terror appeared on the girl's face as she gasped forth:

"Mercy on me, that is my wicked uncle. For goodness' sake don't let him come near me, as he will try to kill me again."

The door was bust open at the instant, and a tall, elderly man, with a soldierly bearing, strode into the bedroom, crying:

"And so I have found you at last, Blanche. Woman, this girl is my niece and ward, and I will take charge of her hereafter."

"No, no," screamed the girl.

Rory Redmond strode into the room after the soldier, and the young man then placed his hand on the intruder's shoulder and pointed to the door, saying:

"You will leave this house, sir."

"But I say I won't until my niece there comes with me."

An angry flash appeared in the young man's eyes on the instant, and grasping the intruder around the arms, he lifted him from the ground and bore him out of the bedroom, crying:

"You are a wicked monster to trouble the poor girl while she is sick, and out you must go if you were her own father. If you have any right over the young lady come here when she is well, but if you cross the threshold again tonight I'll have your life."

The young man then entered the house again, closing and bolting the door after him, and the stranger sprang in the carriage waiting him, uttering fearful threats.

Her uncle ordered the driver to hasten with all speed to the nearest magistrate, and the man lashed up his horses.

As the vehicle was turning out of the farmyard it struck against a small gate, and over it went on the instant, the driver being flung out into the ditch.

Then away dashed the excited horses, dragging the coach after them. The driver sprang to his feet as soon as possible, yelling for help, and Rory Redmond and two of his men dashed out with him after the runaways.

The shattered carriage was found on the side of the road about a mile away, and in it was the dead body of her uncle, Captain Walcot.

The police officers took charge of the body, when they discovered by papers found in his pocket that he was an English officer who had recently returned from India to take charge of the daughter and estate of a brother who had died in England some six months before.

Blanche Walcot rebelled against her uncle on his return from India, as he desired her to become

the wife of his own son, who was a young officer bearing a very bad reputation.

When Blanche positively refused to wed the young man her uncle had her removed to an old castle in Ireland, which belonged to her father's estate. The old castle was not very far from the mountain graveyard where Rory Redmond had his adventure. On the night of her arrival in the old castle in Ireland, Captain Walcot told the young girl that he would confine her there forever if she still persisted in refusing his son.

Blanche Walcot then declared that she would die before accepting the young wretch, and the passionate old soldier struck her on the head in his indignant rage.

The young girl then fell into a trance that had all the appearance of death, and the terrified officer believed that he was her murderer. The young girl still remained in the fearful trance until the following night, when Captain Walcot bribed three rascals, who lived near the old castle, to take her up to the old graveyard and secretly bury her there. The persecuted girl recovered her senses as the rascals were in the act of lowering her in the grave, and then it was that Rory Redmond heard her terrified screams and carried her home.

When the three rogues reached the castle on the following morning Captain Walcot had hastened away to England under the belief that he had killed his niece. It was fully two weeks after that he picked up a Dublin paper in London which contained an account of the affair in Ireland. He then hastened over to claim his niece, only to meet with a violent death.

Some six months after the night of that thrilling adventure in the mountain graveyard Blanche Walcot became young Redmond's wife, and Rory often declared thereafter that it was a lucky night for him.

SEARCH FOR BURIED GOLD

Recent reports from Hueysville, in the mountains of this county, say that a search will be resumed at once for a golden horde, believed for fifty years to have been buried in that vicinity by Jack Neal, a wealthy man, who died many years ago.

When Jack Neal, owner of approximately 20,000 acres of land in this section with virgin forest and undeveloped mineral resources, returned in December, 1881, from Cincinnati, whither he had gone to buy merchandise for his store, he brought with him a plague. On Christmas Day of that year he died from a malady of which the hill folks knew nothing. The whole countryside attended the burial and with the new year the most deadly epidemic that ever struck the hills swept this vicinity.

"The black smallpox," as the mountain people termed the disease, killed fifty-two persons, exactly half as many as were stricken with it.

After the plague had subsided the old man's personal property was divided promiscuously, it is said, in the absence of any known relative of the deceased. Later, when Jenny Howard, a servant, told of seeing Neal leave the house before dawn on the morning of his departure for Cincinnati carrying a box of gold, pass through the orchard near the house and on out of sight, a feverish search began, and it has been carried on intermittently ever since.

GOOD READING

DISCOVERY OF PHOSPHORUS

What we now call phosphorus was discovered by a chemist called Brand in 1670, who prepared it in small quantities from bones. In those days of mysticism a substance that burned and emitted light without being ignited was hailed as a discovery of the principle of life. The sensation was just like what was made 250 years later by the discovery of radium.

NEW GRID TOGS

On a field running with mud, like so many other gridirons of last fall, Juniata College players introduced an innovation in the second half of their game with Pennsylvania Military College by appearing on the field in bathing trunks, said trunks being worn to avoid the caking of mud on the regulation football trousers, which had been discarded. For the first two minutes of play the bare legs gleamed whitely and then they became black with the soft ooze of the field.

MAN FOUND SHAVING IN PARK SAYS HE CAN'T AFFORD RENT

Found shaving himself under a tree in Riverside Park near 100th Street, John Smith, 74 years old, who said he refused to pay "the exorbitant rent" charged for rooms in New York, was arrested on a charge of vagrancy.

Smith said he came here last Fall from Pittsburgh and during the Winter had slept in parks.

"No honest man can afford a room in New York," he told the police. "What have I done to be arrested for?"

Arraigned before Magistrate Douras in Night Court, Smith was sent to the Home for the Aged and Infirm on Welfare Island. He pleaded guilty to the vagrancy charge.

"WHY PROLONG LIFE?" ASKS PARIS SCIENTIST

"Why should a man wish to prolong his life?" said Professor Charles Richet, a member of the French Academy of Sciences, when asked his opinion regarding the new stage success, "Dr. Miracle"—a sort of French counterpart to G. B. Shaw's "Back to Methuselah."

"Doctor Miracle prolonged life by injecting a certain serum," said the physiologist, "but it is a pity that the authors do not tell us what this serum is. When I created seropathy in 1887 I admit I did not dare to believe that it would be carried so far."

"At any rate, the mysterious Doctor Miracle is not the first to dream about prolonging the life of man. Frouens declared, without proofs, that the normal span of life of man was 100 years and Metchnikoff, also without proofs, supported this opinion. Both recommended moderation in the pleasures, according to the dogmas of Epicurus."

"These scientists reasoned that if a man died before the age of 100 it was because of traumatism or disease. Because there are centenarians, man must live at least 100 years, they say."

"But when our organs grow old their resistance to the pathologic agent lessens. This, Hetchnikoff thought he could encounter by a formidable

array of offensive bacteria injected into the human system. No practical result in this direction has been obtained.

"It is not the prolongation of life that is desirable, however, because the older we get the less we enjoy life. Even with permanent youth, who can say whether life would be any happier?"

"Perhaps it would be nicer to stay young a little longer than jealous nature allows us. But our mother cares nothing for old people, and her voice is heard everywhere on this little planet shouting her fateful and imperious cry: 'Room for the young!'"

CAUGHT BY A TARPON

Probably the most exciting adventure which a fishing party has experienced this season occurred the other night off the Gulf coast to two prominent citizens of San Antonio, Texas, and that it resulted without accident is pleasing news to their friends. Messrs. Fulwiler, station agent for the Arkansas Pass road, and Joseph McMillan, commercial agent of the Southern Pacific, were members of a party of five who went to Rockport Saturday to fish. They went out into Corpus Christie Bay in a yacht to which was attached a small boat. They sailed through Arkansas Pass, and camped on Mustang Island, where the waters of the Gulf rush into the pass. Here they caught red fish in quantities.

After supper the two railroad men took advantage of the moonlight to fish for big prowlers of the deep. They used the little skiff and rowed out into deep water. Mr. Fulwiler sat in the bow of the boat and cast a very heavy line, while Mr. McMillan occupied the stern end and fished for trout. The former tied his line to the forward seat of the boat, although the latter remarked that this was dangerous, since a larger fish than could be handled might be hooked. The mullets could be seen jumping and scurrying through the water, and an occasional tarpon as it pursued them. After a time Mr. McMillan, who was watching his line, was almost thrown into the water by a heavy lurch of the boat. An enormous fish sprang from the water from underneath the skiff, almost upsetting it and whizzing past McMillan's face. Both men had scarcely recovered their balance when Fulwiler cried:

"I've hooked something and can't hold him!"

The line was drawn taut in his hand, and finally pulled away. Then the boat moved forward with a lurch, burying the bow in the waves. The line was tied to a seat, and a tarpon, which again leaped into the air, began to propel the boat. Both men recognized their peril, as at each jerk the boat was almost swamped.

"For heaven's sake cut the line!"

A knife lay in the bottom of the boat, but it was desperate work reaching it, with the rocking and pitching of the craft. McMillan finally reached it and threw it to Fulwiler, but before he could use it an extra effort on the part of the monster fish broke the line. The fishermen heaved sighs of relief, and with a boat half filled with water pulled for the shore.

INTERESTING ARTICLES

OLDEST LOCOMOTIVE

The record for long life among railway locomotives is probably held by some of those running in Spain, where engines built in 1849 may still be seen at work.

LONGEST-LIVED ANIMAL

It is generally agreed among naturalists that the tortoise is longest-lived of all animals. There are many instances of their attaining the extraordinary age of two hundred and fifty years, while one is actually mentioned as reaching the unparalleled age of four hundred and five years.

DIVING PRACTICE

In an out-of-the-way corner of the Yost Field House at the University of Michigan would-be varsity swimmers hold diving practice. But instead of hitting cold and refreshing water the divers enter a bin of sawdust and shavings. Headfirst work is not attempted except at times by the most ambitious. The training is to teach the men how to handle themselves in the air rather than how to hit the water.

PRISONERS WAIT TURN

That "guest prisoner" system whereby bootleggers convicted in Minneapolis are sentenced to rural jails, is beginning to evoke protests from the home folk. The Sheriff of Todd County stated that his jail at Long Prairie was full and requested that no more "guest prisoners" be sent there for some time to come. "I have several local parties who ought to be in jail," the Sheriff explained, "but they will have to wait their turns."

WOMAN TONGUE-TIED ONLY WITH STRANGERS

Among the passengers arriving from South American on the Lamport and Holt liner *Vestris* which docked in Brooklyn recently was Miss Elka Greenspun, 31 years old, a Polish resident of Argentina, who was refused admission to this country three years ago on the ground that she was a deaf mute.

When she was questioned by immigration officials she was able to utter only incomprehensible sounds. As soon, however, as she saw her brother, John Greenspun, a fur merchant of Toronto, Canada, who met her at the pier, she burst into voluble conversation.

He explained that she had never been a deaf mute, adding that she suffered from a nervous affliction which rendered her tongue-tied in the presence of strangers. She was taken to Ellis Island. When her brother offered proof that she would be admitted to Canada, the board of examination agreed to allow her to land.

THE INDIA RUBBER TREE

A correspondent of an American paper, writing from the Brazils, gives the following interesting

particulars of the process of tapping the India rubber or caoutchouc tree, and of manufacturing the gum into shoes and other things:

"The caoutchouc tree grows, in general, to the height of forty or fifty feet without branches—then branching runs up fifteen feet higher.

"The leaf is about six inches long, thin and shaped like that of a peach tree. The trees show their working by the number of knots, or bunches made by tapping; and a singular fact is, that, like a cow, when most tapped they give most milk or sap.

"As the time of operating is early day, before sunrise we were at hand.

"The blacks are first sent through the forest, armed with a quantity of soft clay and a small pick-ax. On coming to one of the trees a portion of the soft clay is formed into a cup and stuck to the trunk.

"The black then striking his pick over the cup, the sap oozes out slowly. A tree gives daily about a gill.

"The tapper continues in this way tapping perhaps fifty trees, when he returns with a jar, passing over the same ground, empties his cups. So by seven o'clock the blacks come in with jars ready for working.

"The sap at this stage resembles milk in appearance, and somewhat in taste. It is also frequently drank with perfect safety. If now left standing, it will curdle like milk, disengaging a watery substance like whey.

"Shoemakers now arrange themselves to form the gum.

"Seated in the shade, with a large pan of milk on one side, and on the other a flagon, in which is burned a nut peculiar to this country, emitting a dense smoke, the operator having his last, or form, held by a long tick or handle, previously besmeared with soft clay, in order to slip off the shoe when finished, holds it over the pan, and pouring on the milk until it is covered, sets the coating in the smoke, then giving it a second coat, repeats the smoking, and so on with a third and fourth, until the shoe is of the required thickness, averaging from six to twelve inches.

"When finished, the shoes on the forms are placed in the sun the remainder of the day to drip.

"Next day, if required, they may be figured, being so soft that any impression will be indelibly received. The natives are very dexterous in this work.

"With a quill and a sharp-pointed stick they will produce finely lined leaves and flowers, such as you may have seen on the shoes, in an incredibly short space of time.

"After remaining on the forms two or three days, the shoes are cut open on the top, allowing the last to slip out. They are then tied together and slung on poles, ready for the market.

"There peddlers and Jews trade for them with the country people, and in lots of one thousand or more they are again sold to the merchants, who have them stuffed with straw and packed in boxes to export, in which state they are received in the United States.

FROM EVERYWHERE

AUTOS MEASURE FIELDS

An automobile attachment by which the linear measurement of fields of various crops bordering on highways can be easily and quickly made has been devised by the United States Department of Agriculture.

HOMING PIGEON PESTS

Two pigeons which Frank Peterson of Kansas City, Kan., had boarded for about a year were no longer desired, so he motored with them five miles out in the country and turned them loose. When Peterson arrived home the pigeons were there clamoring for food.

FATHER'S RADIO APPEAL FINDS LOST
BABY GROWN UP AND WED

Within a few days, Earl B. Beers, of 368 Clinton Street, Newark, will see his daughter Margaret for the first time in eighteen years. His appeal over the radio for assistance in finding her was heard by the girl's aunt in Rochester, N. Y.

Margaret is now Mrs. Howard J. Bowan of Detroit. Her father and mother separated a year after she was born, and Margaret was taken by her mother, who died some years afterward. Beers had for years been trying to locate the girl he knew only as a twelve-months-old baby. On April 15, he broadcast his appeal over Station WGCP in Newark. Mrs. Bertha Scheideman of Rochester, Margaret's aunt, heard the message and wrote to Beers giving his daughter's new name and her address.

EXPLORATION OF THE HIGHER LAYERS
OF THE AIR

Exploration of the upper air made in Java, where the meteorologic conditions are very favorable for this purpose, were described recently in a lecture by the distinguished Dutch professor van Barmelen, made before the "Gesellschaft für Erdkunde" at Berlin. Recording balloons were employed and in the clear air the bursting of these balloons could be observed through the telescope at heights of 22,000 meters, whereupon the recording instruments came down unhurt attached to the parachute. The temperature of air sank to 55 degrees below zero, Centigrade at a height of 11,000 meters and to 85 degrees below zero at 17,000 meters. The coldest temperature measured was 91 degrees below zero, Centigrade. In still higher regions the temperature of air increases again, the temperature at 26,000 meters height having been found to be 55 degrees below zero. Balloons of two to three meters diameter carried the recorders up to the height of 32,000 meters, more than had ever been obtained before.

PIGEONS SNARED BY THOUSANDS

The pioneers of Michigan and other States of the Great Lakes recall sadly the days when wild pigeons were so plentiful in this region that they were killed by men with clubs as they swept in great flocks over the sand hills. In many of the

pioneer localities twenty-one meals of wild pigeon in a week were not unusual, and much of the great State of Michigan was hewed out of the forest on a pigeon diet. A party would often go into the hills and kill thousands of the birds without a gun, slaughtering thousands only to waste them.

After the first railroads were built, the pigeon crop of several Michigan counties was worth more than their wheat crop. Few people of to-day realize or can imagine the magnitude of these mighty nestings of the birds. A pigeon nesting would often extend for many miles north, east, south and west. Hundreds of nests would adorn every tree and the noise from the home-coming and departing birds would be so great that it was often impossible to carry on an ordinary conversation in the woods. Pigeon catching and killing became an industry. Carload after carload was shipped to New York and Eastern cities and dead pigeons were often piled up until they appeared like small hay stacks.

Trappers from all parts of the country journeyed to the Michigan eldorado for the purpose of catching the birds. They did it, when a large catch was desired, with a net, 16 to 18 feet wide and 30 to 40 feet long. This was arranged with ropes and spring poles, so that when a number of the birds had alighted in the particular spot to which they had been lured by means of the stool-pigeon, the spring poles were released and the net pulled over the spot where the birds had settled, covering the whole number.

Few people who see the expression "stool-pigeon" realize how closely its commonly accepted meaning follows the truth. After the spring poles had been bent back and the net covered with light grass so it would not be visible to the birds, a wild pigeon which had been kept alive to act as stool-pigeon was brought into service.

A leather string was put with a half tie about each leg of the bird. Then with a small cambric needle a white silk thread was passed through the pigeon's eyelid on each side of the head, the ends of the thread were twisted together on top of the bird's head and the pigeon was blindfolded for use. The bird was held by the boots, as the strings were called, and set on the forefinger. It was raised up and then the hand brought down quickly to see whether the bird would hover properly. When one was found that would suit, it was fastened by the boots to a stick about as large as the hand near the centre of the bed to which the birds in trees within sight were attracted to the bed, which had been scattered with wheat or buckwheat. When the bed had become filled with pigeons the spring pole was pulled and the net carried over, there being sufficient spring in the poles to spread it fully.

Most trappers bit the birds' necks to kill them. Some used a pair of pincers for the same purpose. It was not uncommon to take from 500 to 1,000 birds at a single haul, and the sport, with a good stool-pigeon, was considered *exhanting*.

The greatest enemy of the pigeon trapper was the hawk, which often caught and killed his favorite stool-pigeon, just when it was most needed.

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